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Dance and Dancers

MARCH 1961

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SVETLANA BERIOSOVA and DONALD MACLEARY

of the Royal Ballet in the third act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden

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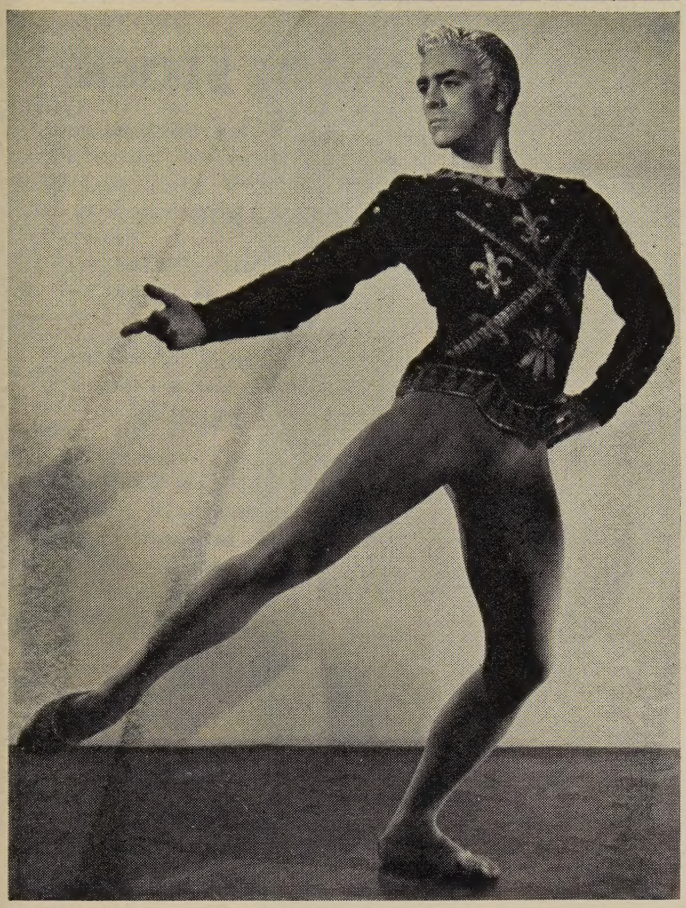
Personality of the Month



IN BALLET IMPERIAL *Photo : Houston Rogers.*

PIRMIN TRECU

NOWADAYS, when the Royal Ballet is one huge integrated company (or at least two large linked groups), it is hard to remember the old Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet of a decade ago. It had a personality and flavour completely of its own. It was, one now supposes, the final fling of that Lilian Baylis/Ninette de Valois dream, a people's ballet. The people's ballet has now just become part of the national ballet, and the young hopefuls of Rosebery Avenue seem as nostalgically remote as the pre-war Vic-Wells Ballet, or even the Ballet Club or the Camargo Society. It would be easy to say those were days, easy to weep for Adonis, and to deplore the new, uniformly impersonal packaging that is today imposed upon the Royal Ballet. But the present has its advantages, too.

Typical of the spirit of the Theatre Ballet, an integral part of its heart and soul, was the young Basque dancer, Pirmin Trecu, who has now retired from dancing at the tragically early age of 30. His career was cut short by a persistently recurrent knee injury, but ironically at his farewell performance at Covent Garden on January 27 he was dancing as strongly as ever. One of the essential qualities that go towards the making of a great dancer is luck, and luck is something that Trecu never had. He had many of the other qualities though, and the creative approach he brought to all his rôles, the slapdash, erratic brilliance (so agreeably un-British) of his dancing, and the strange, wild poetry (equally un-British) of his personality, won him a vast and loyal following. With the audience Trecu was always the odd man in.

Although his spiritual home was at Sadler's Wells, it was Covent Garden — where he transferred in 1955 — that saw his best performances. His Country Boy in *La Fête Etrange* will become a legend, but he was equally good in *Harlequin in April, Agon, Prince of the Pagodas, Ballet Imperial* and many more. Perhaps we will recall him best at the end of his first variation in the *Giselle Pas de Deux,* standing, à la Bolshoi, with his arms outstretched and his eyes lifted to the stars and the gallery. Now he is off to teach in Portugal, but he will always be welcome home in England.

MARCH 1961 12th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 12 No. 3

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Backing Out of a Dead End

ONLY the most smug isolationist can possibly sit back at this particular moment and say to himself that the great art of ballet has got itself into anything other than a nice cosy cul-de-sac. Never in the whole history of ballet have there been so many fine dancers nor has the all-round standard of dancing been so high, at no period in ballet history has the world been full of so many competent choreographers, there is also no lack of composers and painters and though we are not often given the chance of seeing them or hearing them on our ballet stages they are around nevertheless. But somehow all their competence and even genius has failed to add up to a great deal.

Yes, I know the answer is that there is no Diaghilev, no artistic director worthy of the name in the world today. But it's no good moaning for the snows of yester-year — artistic direction died with Diaghilev and René Blum and their only successor, Boris Kochno, appears to have forsaken the theatre for ever. It seems pretty hopeless, doesn't it ? But wait a moment — that word "theatre". Isn't ballet one of the arts of the theatre, and shouldn't it be to the theatre that ballet might turn for help. In the theatre they have all kinds of magic and they also have producers. It's just possible that the producer could take the place of the artistic director. The Viscontis, the Zefferellis, the Peter Brooks and the Peter Halls of this world could breathe gales of fresh air into ballet — as they have into other forms of theatrical presentation. What is more, they might also attract some of our eminent playwrights — the Osbornes, the Simpsons, the Pinters and the Weskers — to apply some of their genius to ballet scenarios. They might also bring an entirely new slant on ballet production by using such ideas as the Czech "Magic Lantern" show has to offer (not an exhilarating entertainment in itself but full of possibilities). All this and a lot more they could bring to ballet.

Of course, I can hear all your arguments against this. Choreographers in the past, such as Fokine and Massine, never needed producers. No they didn't, but then, as I have said, they had Diaghilev. Then, of course, there was the example of a French company that came here boasting of the use of famous film directors — it was a disaster but that was because they hardly got the kind of co-operation they needed. What I envisage is the *finest* choreographers working on a close give-and-take basis with the *finest* producers. Anyway, it seems to point to at least one direction for getting out of the present impasse.

Published by HANSOM BOOKS monthly on the 20th of the preceding month. By post : One year 27/-, Half-year 13/6, 2 years : 50/-, 3 years 81/-. A loose leaf binder (value 12/6) to hold 24 copies is presented free with every three-year subscription. (Foreign : pay in sterling or by International Money Order or through agents listed in this number.) Binders for purchase are 12/6 by post. Back numbers from October 1951 Available (except Nov., Dec. 1951, Jan., Mar. 1952, Jan., Feb., Apr., May, June 1953, July 1954, Jan., Apr., 1955, and Sept., Oct. 1956), price 2/3 each by post. 21 LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. SLOane 0394. HANSOM BOOKS also publish every month MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, PLAYS AND PLAYERS, FILMS AND FILMING, BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, RECORDS AND RECORDING, BOOKGUIDE and TECHNICAL BOOKGUIDE and is proprietor of the SEVEN ARTS BOOK CLUB.

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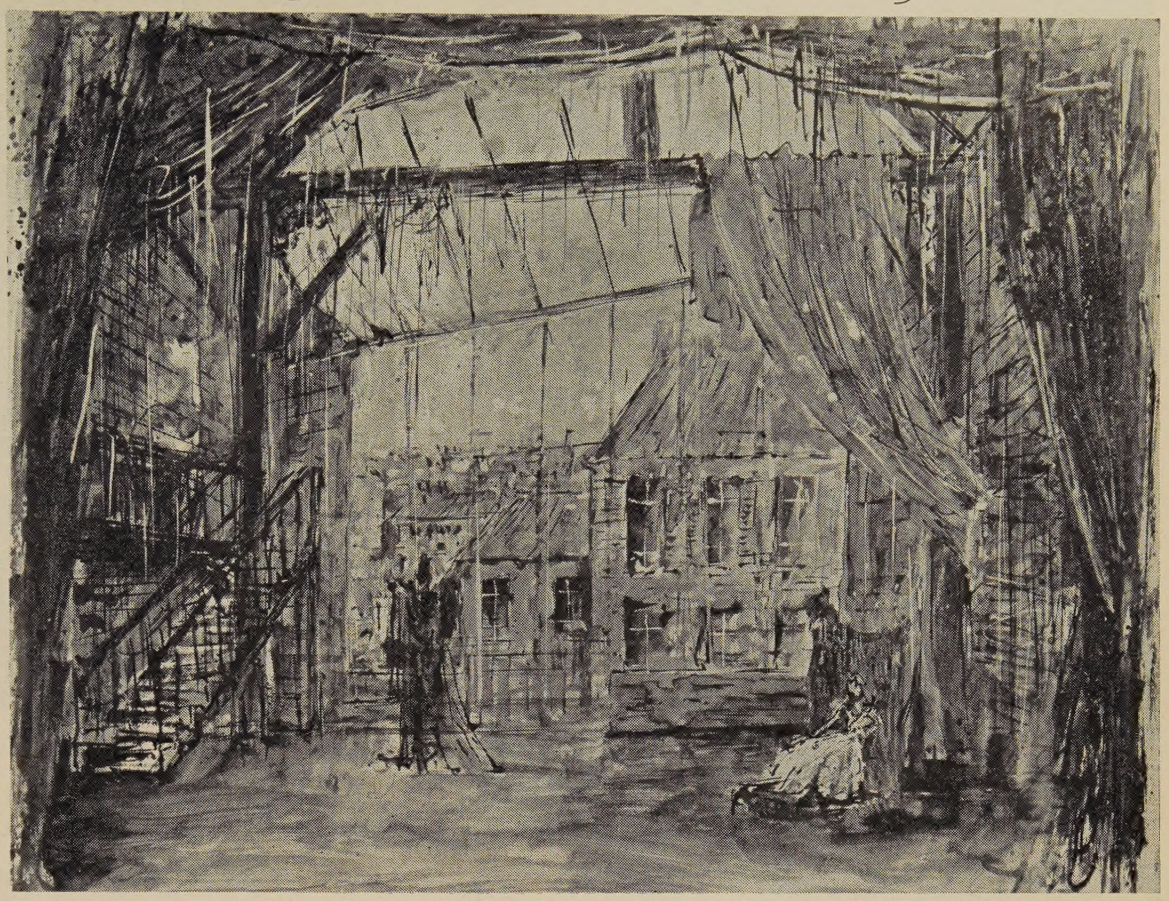
Dupont designs *Les Deux Pigeons*

FREDERICK ASHTON'S *new two-act ballet,* Les Deux Pigeons, *had its first performance at the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala at Covent Garden on February 14 (too late for review in this issue but to be fully reviewed in April).*

Ashton has changed the locality of the original 1886 production from 18th-century Thessaly to 19th-century Paris due doubtless to the "Second Empire" nature of André Messager's score. He also commissioned one of the foremost designers in France today —Jacques Dupont —whose design for the first act setting is seen on the right.



THE *first part of the second act moves to a gypsy encampment (design bottom right) and later returns to the setting for the first act.*

Jacques Dupont will be remembered in England for his work with the Miskovitch group and also his Les Amants de Teruel *for Ludmilla Tcherina's company. For ballet also he designed a beautiful production of* La Dame aux Camélias *at the Paris Opéra. Photos : Donald Southern.*

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FIRST ACT PAS DE QUATRE: Claire Motte, Cyril Atanasoff, Jacqueline Rayet and Lucien Duthoit in the pas de quatre *for four members of the Prince's Court. This is not in the usual Petipa-Ivanov production of the ballet.*

Soviet *Swan Lake* at the Paris Opéra

by MARIE-FRANCOISE CHRISTOUT

Photographed by SERGE LIDO

A new four-act version created at the Paris Opéra on December 21. Choreography and production by Vladimir Bourmeister. Act II choreography after Ivanov and Petipa. Décors and costumes by Dimitri Bouchène.

Odette-Odile ..... JOSETTE AMIEL
Siegfried ..... PETER VAN DIJK
The Princess-Mother ..... LEONE MAIL
Rothbart ..... MAX BOZZONI
The Jester ..... MICHEL DESCOMBEY
A Peasant Girl ..... Mlle. EVEN
Pas de Quatre (Act I) CLAIRE MOTTE, CYRIL ATANASOFF, JACQUELINE RAYET, LUCIEN DUTHOIT.
A Princess ..... Mlle. BASSI
Three Swans ..... Mlles. BASSI, BOURILLOT, OUDART
Four Cygnets ..... Mlles. LAMOU, SEVESTRE, FRANCILLON, QUARREZ
The Fiancées ..... Mlles. SOUARD, BOURILLOT, OUDART, DELINI
Spanish dance ..... Mlle. FORET and *corps de ballet*
Neapolitan dance ..... Mlle. BIANCHI and *corps de ballet*
Czardas ..... M. EVEN and *corps de ballet*
Mazurka ..... Mlle. AUDOYNAUD, M. DUFLOT, and *corps de ballet*

HAVING wasted the past two years on revivals of dubious interest such as *La Dame à la Licorne, Daphnis et Chloë* and, despite Chauviré's performance, *La Dame aux Camélias,* or on even more questionable creations such as Gene Kelly's *Pas des Dieux,* the Opéra has finally decided to return to the classics. All admiration is due to this beautiful production of *Lac des Cygnes* and to the decision taken so long ago to add it to the repertoire of a French company.

It is now ten years since Lifar tried with *Blanche-Neige* to bring to the French theatre a ballet lasting an entire evening, though this work was badly served by its score and did not achieve the success it deserved. But this time the masterpiece originally created by Petipa and Ivanov with Tchaikovsky's music and perpetuated with success by foreign companies seems

RUSSIAN MASTER AND A STAR: Vladimir Bourmeister, the famous ballet master and choreographer from the Stanislavsky Theatre in Moscow, with Claude Bessy, who was the second-cast Odette/Odile.

FIRST ODETTE: Josette Amiel who scored such a success when she created the Odette/Odile rôle in the new production.

at last to have triumphed over our final prejudices.

Before we deal with the present production and analyse its undeniable qualities, a brief history is called for. It was Diaghilev who introduced *Lac des Cygnes* to France — first of all with Kchessinska and Nijinsky in a two-act version which was danced at Monte Carlo on April 13, 1912, and revived on December 18, 1923, with Trefilova and Vilzak.

They were followed by Nemchinova and Dolin on April 11, 1925, while on January 24, 1926, Lifar first danced in the work. Subsequently, René Blum staged a one-act version in 1932 with Dubrovska and Froham, and in 1933 with Danilova and Lichine, being replaced the following year by Boris Kniassev. At the end of the war the Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo presented another one-act version with Tcherina and Edmond Audran and later Chauviré and Algaroff on April 14, 1946. At the Opéra itself, on January 2, 1936, Lifar presented extracts from the work to mark the appearance of the Soviet dancer, Maria Semeyonova, who was succeeded by Suzanne Lorcia. On January 23, 1946, Victor Gzovsky staged Act 2 only for Chauviré and Serge Peretti, but, at all events, the ballet did not remain in the repertoire.

However, in October, 1954, the Sadler's Wells company visited the Opéra and scored a triumph for the first time with a complete version danced by Fonteyn and Somes. Then in May, 1958, the Bolshoi company staged its version danced notably by Timofeyeva, Fadeyechev and the striking and enchanting Levashev. But the Administration of the Opéra has taken its inspiration from neither of these excellent versions — but from the far more recent one by Vladimir Bourmeister, which scored such a success when danced by the Stanislavsky-Nemirovitch-Dantchenko company at the Théâtre du Châtelet in June, 1956.

Since 1940 when he first became interested in the ballet, the Soviet choreographer collaborated with the actor, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, with the intention of returning to the original score which had been subject to many changes. The first and third acts were completely altered and the most dramatic version seen to date was the result. It is this choreography, first danced by Violetta Bovt in Moscow on April 25, 1953, and which was the focal point of the Châtelet season, which has been inscribed in the Opéra's repertoire. Two months of feverish rehearsals have enabled the company to give of its best under the assured direction of Bourmeister himself.

While under the Marquis de Cuevas's new version of *The Sleeping Beauty*, it was, apart from the dancers, Vyroubova, Hightower, Melikova and Golovine, the décor and spectacle which held the interest of the audience —at the Opéra, on the other hand, it is the dancing and the interpretation of the action which is the outstanding feature. From the *petits rats* to the principals, the whole company is fully rewarded for its efforts by the outstanding success of a production which compensates for so many recent disappointments.

On the choreographic level, the action and dancing are closely entwined — the traditional and now outmoded mime gives way to gestures which are expressive, but always danced, without, however, lessening the clarity of the plot whose continuity is never broken. A brief explanatory prologue sets the plot in motion by showing the metamorphosis of Odette into a swan under the spell of Rothbart, while the first act depicts the character of Siegfried who is a romantic, a dreamer, courtly and very independent. Having shown his tastes for hunting in a very virile solo, he next invites the prettiest of his Mother's ladies-in-waiting to join him, but the sight of a flight of swans is enough to distract his attention. He leaves in search of his prey while the fête continues.

In the second act, he wanders alone beside the lake (note: without the Huntsmen of other versions), and from her very first entrance, the Swan Princess captivates him. Heartbroken by the separation, he gallantly takes up a small feather she leaves behind. In Act 3, whilst his mother, the princess, is presiding over a ball at which he must choose his future bride, Siegfried enters, lost in a dream, the feather still in his hand. And in this act Bourmeister's originality lies in the dramatic use to which he is able to put the pseudo-folklore *divertissements*. Rothbart, all the better to enchant the Prince, dazzles him by showing him Odile against the various dances — Spanish, Hungarian and Neapolitan — which are performed by his subjects. Diabolically enchanted, Siegfried falls at Odile's feet. Never has this act with its famous variations been more dramatically or excitingly presented.

In the final act, the funeral march remains and it is very movingly danced — the Prince no longer decides to die with Odette, he fights Rothbart, a storm rages on the lake, and at the end Siegfried comes

SECOND CAST: Attilio Labis and Claude Bessy who were the alternative cast in the Prince Siegfried, Odette/Odile rôles.

SECOND ACT : Peter Van Dijk as Prince Siegfried and Josette Amiel as Odette in the second act which has been reproduced more or less identically to the original Ivanov version.

out of the waves, carrying in his arms the Princess now released from the magic spell. What it loses in fairy-tale poetry, the ending gains in humanity.

The two principal rôles are to be danced by a variety of couples, and two very different pairs have already appeared. Josette Amiel gives a remarkable performance in the gruelling rôles of Odette-Odile. As the Swan, she affirms her sense of style with a quality of fluidity and harmony in her every line — as Odile, she is dazzling, full of verve and charming in her perverse assurance. While regretting that we cannot welcome a Chauviré or Vyroubova in the rôle, all praise must be given to Amiel's incontestible interpretation. Each gesture, every touch of detail is exactly right; moreover, she is in perfect harmony with her partner, Peter Van Dijk. He portrays Siegfried with an intelligent sense of the theatre, intense lyricism and exceptional nobility. On a technical plane, he combines purity and ease of movement with a musicality which comes to the fore in the ballade of the first act, and which he intensifies in the two *grandes variations,* to which he also adds his prowess as an athlete. His rigorous and sensitive performance deserves a place in the history of the rôle.

The same cannot be said, at present, anyway, of the Claude Bessy/Attilio Labis partnership. Despite their ideal appearance, neither possesses the classical spirit of the work. Certainly many of their movements are harmonious, especially in the *pas de deux,* but the whole effect lacks discipline and the standard which it is hoped they will reach with further work and reflection. In fact, it is the interpretations which are more at fault than the dancing.

But much interest also resides in the part played by the soloists of the company. In the first act Claire Motte, Jacqueline Rayet, Lucien Duthoit and Cyril Atanasoff are outstanding in a very attractive

continued on page 34.

ACT FOUR : Odette (Amiel) is seen surrounded by swans after her return from the castle where the Prince has unwittingly deceived her.

Ballet in Italy

(Part 1)

by ADRIAAN H. LUIJDJENS

In the first part in this series of two articles on ballet in Italy the general background of ballet in that country is surveyed in relation to its past history. The second part, in the April issue of Dance and Dancers, **will be concerned with dancers and local companies**

Adriaan Luijdjens is one of the best-known ballet critics in Italy and some years ago he founded Italy's own ballet magazine, Balletto, **which he still edits.**

WHILE we know just how numerous Italian names are in dance history, we are inclined to forget that most famous Italian dancers were only rarely seen by their own countrymen. Even Italy's two major choreographers, Gasparo Angiolini and Salvatore Viganò, spent most of their artistic careers abroad, while there is little point in reminding the English reader that the same applies to so exceptional an artist as Enrico Cecchetti. Yet before Italy attained its political unity in the 1860's, the existence of numerous capital cities, each with its own court life, fostered the existence of different travelling companies — a situation which has returned to a small extent in recent years.

Such ballet as counts is concentrated in Rome, but especially Milan, with Naples coming third. In these cities we have companies attached to opera houses, but unfortunately, our dancers still have too few opportunities of appearing in real ballets, and even some of the most talented spend their best years as *figurantes* in operas. It is claimed that one of the reasons for this supposed lack of interest is that neither Pavlova nor the Diaghilev company enjoyed the sensational successes they created elsewhere. The two performances of Ballets Russes at the Scala in 1920 and 1927 were coolly received and Diaghilev certainly did not succeed in stirring interest away from the traditional opera-ballet. Furthermore, when at his death his great dancers spread all over the world to bring fresh life to such dance traditions as might exist in many countries, Fascist Italy was not an easy country in which foreigners could get a work permit. And, especially where the arts were concerned, the nationalist rulers would never admit that an alien could teach anything to the Italians. Neither had Italy artists like de Valois, Markova, Dolin and Sokolova, British-born but Russian trained and able to bring the atmosphere of the Ballet Russe to their own country.

We had to wait until 1938 when Aurel Milloss, the Hungarian dancer and choreographer and pupil of Gzovsky and Laban, arrived to become a new influence at the Rome Opera. He managed to interest musicians, painters, poets and writers in ballet, and for a few years (1938-1942) Rome saw an interesting movement in which painters such as Chirico, Guttoso, Scialoia and others, composers such as Roman Vlad and Petrassi, and writers such as Brandi and Cecchi combined. But in those years Italy had hardly any cultural relations with the rest of Europe, Germany excepted. Milloss himself had a German background, so the whole movement, interesting as it was, tended to isolate itself from the general trend of classical dance.

But one of the most serious reasons for the decline in ballet in the years between 1920 and 1950 stems from the fact that at the only school of national importance, that of the Scala, boys were not accepted — thus the companies at the Scala and Rome Opera consisted of girls only. There is a charming story concerning Massine, who first visited the Scala in 1932 to mount one of his works. The dancers were presented, but as he saw only girls, he asked : "That is very nice. And the boys?" The directors looked stunned; then one said : "Do not worry, maestro, we have got all the male costumes you could ever want. Why should we engage male dancers from abroad, if our Italian girls look so beautiful in male rôles ?"

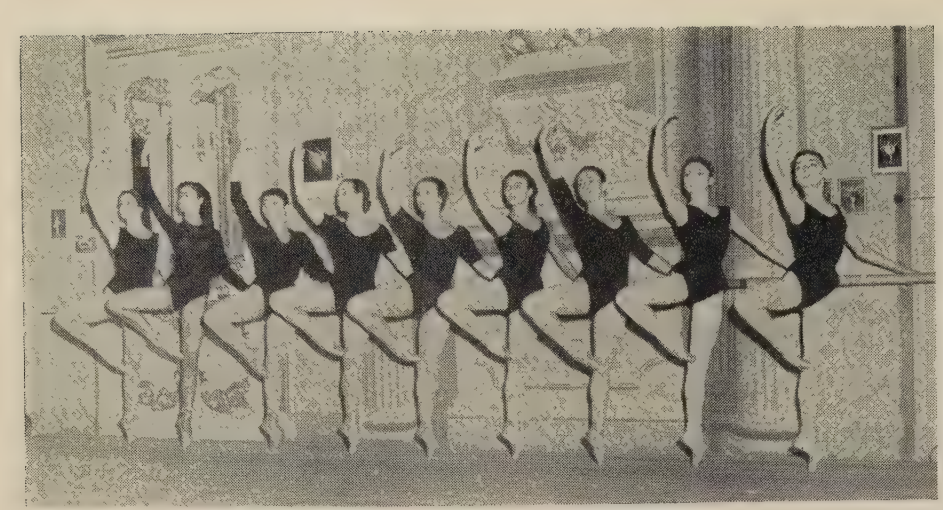
In this respect Rome was in the lead. For as early as 1930 boys were accepted at the school, which then for the first time opened at the Costanzi Theatre. Its first directors were Russians, Mlle. Leonidoff and Dmitri Rostoff, who were followed by

Nicola Guerra from the Paris Opéra and his pupil, Ettore Caorsi. Guerra soon came into conflict with the Fascist authorities and left Italy: his place was taken by Teresa Battaggi, and after her death in 1957 by Attilia Radice, the last outstanding pupil of Cecchetti, and for many years *prima ballerina* in Rome. Many of the most gifted dancers have come from this school, including well nigh all the best Italian male dancers. But in Milan it was not until 1946, when Milloss became choreographer at the Scala, where he was followed by most of Rome's young male dancers, that boys were accepted.

With the fall of Fascism came various companies to visit us. The first was Festival Ballet in 1951 which had to make do in Rome with a theatre which usually served as a cinema and an orchestra accustomed to jazz. Next came American Ballet Theatre. In Naples performances were given at the wonderful San Carlo Theatre, while Rome received them in an enormous open-air theatre some ten miles from the city centre. Until now, incidentally, the Rome Opera is only granted to those national companies attached to a State opera house. The American company formed part of an international agricultural exhibition and the performances were advertised as an American super-variety show! And finally, to the stage of the Rome Opera came the Paris Opéra Ballet, followed by the Sadler's Wells company. Finally, the American Ballet Theatre returned and the New York City Ballet gave three seasons.

Yet after three years, Rome fell asleep again, and while visiting companies now may turn up in Venice, Milan, Genoa, Naples or Palermo, Rome hardly ever figures on their lists. The De Cuevas company visited various towns, though Rome has never seen them — the same applies to the Ballet Rambert, though this exquisite company has been announced for the spring.

DON JUAN: One of the most successful post-war ballets to be mounted in Italy was Massine's version of Gluck's Don Juan *at La Scala in Milan. The picture on the opposite page shows a moment in the* divertissement *from the banqueting scene. Above is the final scene in the cemetery. Below are Mario Pistoni and Carla Fracci in the principal rôles. The ballet was designed by Georges Wakhevitch. Photos: Piccagliani.*



FLORENCE: Pupils of the Daria Collins School in Florence. Miss Collins, formerly attached to the Amsterdam Opera House, is generally considered to be one of the best teachers in Italy.

Nevertheless, all these companies have created a ballet-conscious public, and consequently demands on the local companies have become more exacting. To this end an invaluable contribution to the improvement of taste was made in 1955 when the International Ballet Festival was founded at Nervi, near Genoa, first under the direction of Ugo Dell'Ara and Mario Porcile, and from 1957 by Porcile alone. The festival soon became the most important one of the Continent: in 1960, however, it changed its policy, and instead of inviting companies from abroad, it created its own, under the control of Léonide Massine. But whether this could be considered an improvement is still open to controversy.

Founded in 1812, the Scala school is one of the world's foremost centres of ballet tradition: its glory is surpassed by none, no, not even by the school of the Paris Opéra! Such *maestri* as Benedetto Ricci, Viganò, Carlo Blasis and Cecchetti have given it their best. Unfortunately, and this is the tragedy of history, the traditions have been broken. In 1929, after the death of Cecchetti, one of his favourite pupils, Cia Fornaroli (1888-1954), became director of the school, and a great teacher she was. She married Walter Toscanini, son of the conductor, but when Toscanini himself was victimised by the Fascists in 1933, she and her husband followed him to the United States. Then a Russian woman under the pseudonym of Jia Ruskaia — "I the Russian" — who had a private school in Milan was appointed director of the Scala. Her husband was a Fascist journalist, editor of the *Corriere della Sera,* but her artistic background could hardly be described as clear. Anyway, she taught and teaches even today something best termed a fourth-hand derivation of Duncanism.

But as an outspoken enemy of classical ballet, she was hardly the person to be put in charge of such a stronghold of tradition: after about a year, the dancers protested and she left for Rome, where she opened a private school, which ultimately became the only government-sponsored dance school of Italy, and is now known as the National Academy of the Dance. Though it was proving hard to find a successor to Fornaroli, the problem appeared to be resolved by the appointment of Vera Volkova in 1950, who was certainly more adept than anyone to give the institution new vigour. But at this time the school was in a state of chaos and discipline was lacking. Neither the pupils nor the dancers cared for the rigorous methods of Madame Volkova, who left following a conflict with one of the principal dancers in 1952. Let us hope that this was the last great error committed by the management of the Scala.

Finally, Milloss succeeded in bringing over from the Argentine, Esmée Bulnes, a teacher of great experience who had directed the Colon school in Buenos Aires. She re-established discipline, insisted on daily classes, and though there is still some opposition to this rule, she has proved herself to be less fragile than she looks, knowing how to say things frankly and with a disarming kindness. In her ten years reign she has succeeded in making the company once again one of the foremost in Europe.

At Naples, Bianca Gallizia, a former *prima ballerina* of the Scala, managed to re-open the school at the Teatro San Carlo in 1950 — a school which also has a great tradition in the sense that it gave Fanny Cerrito to the world, though it had been closed for a century. In her ten years, Madame Gallizia has not only established a *corps de ballet* more than adequate for the operas, but she managed to stage the company's first ballet evening last spring. It would seem that two of her pupils, Sonia Lo Giudice and Tony Ferrante, have brilliant prospects. A great number of private schools exist, too, and though it is impossible to list all which get reasonable results, Daria Collin's school in Florence is certainly one of the best. The great drawback, however, is that our three major schools are all attached to opera houses, it has proved impossible for Italy to get an autonomous company of real importance.

Now let us look at the Milan and Rome companies. In Rome, nobody joins without first having been through the school. The Scala, which is slightly less exclusive, has many dancers, especially male dancers trained in Rome, and even some foreigners. But evenings of ballets are rare in both theatres. In Rome, for the past four years we have only had one programme, though this is repeated four or five times in the year. And that has been the work of the one choreographer, Aurel Milloss, a competent and very musical artist, though limited in his classical vocabulary. This means that an evening of four or even five of his ballets becomes monotonous — even if the subjects are different and even though the scenery is always beautiful. And, concerning scenery, Rome perhaps beats any theatre in Europe — Milloss, being a connoisseur of the arts has always succeeded in obtaining the services of the finest modern painters of the country.

ROME: A production of Massine's Le Beau Danube *given by the ballet company of the Rome Opera in 1953.* *Photo: Reale.*

But if décor is important, is not choreography? And here we are exceedingly poor. At the Scala there is no permanent choreographer and the usual procedure for new works is to invite someone from abroad. This goes towards making cosmopolitan programmes and the Milan company has now a pretty universal repertoire — *Les Sylphides,* though I fear this will be forgotten as it was only danced four times in all during the one season some years ago, *Petrouchka, Giselle,* mounted by Chauviré, *Swan Lake* Act 2, and various works by Balanchine, including *Le Bal, Ballet Imperial, Serenade* and *Symphony in C,* and Massine favourites such as *Beau Danube, Gaîté Parisienne, Le Tricorne* and *Sacre du Printemps.* Of the various Massine works made for the Scala company, the best and possibly the last really great work made by the choreographer is *Don Juan* to the score which Gluck composed for Angiolini's famous ballet in

MILAN : The company of La Scala in Milan in Massine's version of Stravinsky's Le Sacre du Printemps *with a décor after the original, for the Diaghilev Ballet, by Nicholas Roerich.* *Photo : Piccagliani.*

1761. Massine created this impressive work in 1958 and more the pity it is that it is unknown outside Italy — seeing that Milan has no ballet critics worth the title, not even rumour spread its excellences abroad.

British choreographers have also enriched the Scala's repertoire. Ashton's *La Valse* was created for the company, while Rodrigues contributed an interesting version of *Cinderella* in 1955 and another full-evening ballet *Romeo and Juliet* in the same year, though this was only danced by the company in the old Roman amphitheatre at Verona. Cranko, too, made still another version of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1957, this being danced at Venice's open-air theatre on the isle of San Giorgio, and some months later at the Scala itself. Of the two versions, Rodrigues's, whose approach was more lyrical, should have been preserved. Cranko's was effective in the comic scenes — the carnival, for example — though not in the dramatic one. His *Prince of the Pagodas* has also been danced at the Scala but cannot be considered to have added lustre to the repertoire. Yet the curious thing is that all these full-evening ballets are given rich and glorious scenery, only to be forgotten after a few performances.

One would expect the Milanese company to visit Rome, Florence, Genoa, Naples and other major cities with their lavish creations. Nothing of the kind happens, and it was, in fact, quite a unique occasion for Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet* to be first staged at Venice and only later Milan. But just as all our opera houses, and there are many of them, think it necessary to stage every year new and expensive productions of a handful of the most famous Puccini and Verdi operas (as if scenery, and not music, were the important thing !), so Milan, Rome and Naples never tour their programmes. That with such policies the subsidies rather lavishly granted by the Government and municipalities alike do not go far is obvious, and most opera houses are eternally on the verge of being closed for financial reasons. We just laugh about the Royal Ballet debating whether after ten or twelve years of signal service, the sets of perhaps *Swan Lake* stand in need of a paintbrush. Yes, we can make even richer spectacles for a ballet which will be given four performances and forgotten forever.

FRACCI IN TWO ROLES : Carla Fracci, the young ballerina of La Scala who has already made an international name for herself in (left) Cranko's Romeo and Juliet *with Mario Pistoni and (right) in* Giselle.

COAST OF HOPE: *The* corps de ballet *in a friendship dance for Soviet fishermen in the first act of Igor Belsky's ballet at the Kirov Theatre.*

New Choreographer in Leningrad

With the production of Coast of Hope **at the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad, Soviet Russia has found a young choreographer, Igor Belsky, with a different approach.**

by NATALIA RENE

BALLET to a contemporary theme, taken from our times and surroundings — this artistic problem has been attracting Soviet choreographers for the last few years with a particular intensity. Much has been done in this direction — as a matter of fact each of the Soviet ballets, even those to themes borrowed from the literary classics, added something to the knowledge and experience in projection required for the solution of this difficult task. There were quite a few experiments with the contemporary theme. . . . *Partisans, Svetlana, Tatiana, Happy Shores, Our Fields* — all had their merits, in the case of the first two even considerable ones. Yet none of these have been able to withstand the most difficult and objective test — that of time. Much is expected from a ballet to a contemporary theme. Its dance idiom should be capable of expressing convincingly the thoughts and feelings of the hero of our times. The sets and costumes, while being suited to the requirements of ballet, should carry the proper spirit. The music, while thoroughly danceable should develop on symphonic principles.

It is not surprising that the first, albeit not quite full success, has been attained by one of the young choreographers as it is the young who usually feel the pulse of time.

Igor Belsky until recently was one of the very gifted and searching character soloists of the Kirov Theatre (Leningrad). His every new rôle was the result of careful thinking and great artistic feeling. The Negro Mako created by him in Konstantin Sergeyev's *The Path of Thunder* is a real masterpiece of characterisation. Dancing, however, was not his only love. Such a creative approach to rôles augured a budding choreographer. It was Yuri Slonimsky, author of many successful ballet scenarios, who entrusted Belsky with the task of translating his latest "book" into dance vision. As in most of Slonimsky's ballets, the future choreographic rendering was embedded in the book itself. In his article, "Speech before the premiere", printed in the Kirov Theatre gazette, Slonimsky declared he wanted to create "a fairytale about truth", a romantic poem of honour of a true heart and pure soul, in honour of a man, who cannot be bought or forced to fall on his knees.

Completely giving up the narrative and descriptive method, Slonimsky wanted the heroes of his ballet-poem to "live in a rich world of dance, eloquently talking to one another, loving, hating and fighting for their own convictions — all in the language of *dance*". He wanted, lastly, to use in his creation a wealth of purely poetic methods — lyrical interludes, mediation, metaphor and other poetical imagery so close to the nature of ballet.

It is interesting to note that this very poetic conception came to the author of the plot when, on a train journey, he overheard how a young man was relating to other passengers his life story — how he was washed away in a storm to some other coast, and what untold energy it cost him to return to his own land . . .

When the idea of the future ballet matured in Slonimsky's mind, he started collaborating with Belsky and the "book" took some time to shape itself from literary to choreographic and musical images. At the same time Belsky got into contact with a young Leningrad composer, Andrei Petrov, whose music was subsequently written in close co-operation with the choreographer. The result was a moving and colourful score, at times very strong and yet at others not sufficiently independent.

It is interesting that the creators of the ballet from the outset decided to do completely and deliberately without programme notes. The spectator is handed a small slip of paper with a few names of the protagonists and titles of separate episodes. Everything is clearly understood as it unfolds before one's eyes.

The only décor is a blue cyclorama, as if showing the line where the sea joins the sky, and sunlit blue is the dominant colour of the opening scene. Gone is the heavily-built scenery and the entire stage space is free for dancing. Only two large white sails constantly flutter in the breeze against the blue background. This is the Soviet coast. Designer V. Dorrer deliberately used a uniform and very simple costume, easy to dance in — blue dresses of different hue for the girls, grey tights and blue close-fitting jersey tops for the boys. Nothing really indicates that they are fishing folk except the nature and circumstances of their dance. The boys appear from the very depth of the stage in consecutive waves — as if they have been carried by the tide and then climbed a steep rocky bank, emerging from somewhere down under as we first see them.

Lines of four appear one after another in the same manner. And every fisherman, staying put, places his arm on the shoulder of the boy nearest to him. This *leitmotif*, very simple but expressive, plays the rôle of a dance symbol in the first act. The girls greet the fishermen and mutual dances are started, wherein the boys bend over imaginary oars, or drag fishnets and bind their hands together in unity of common labour. We already had seen dances in which various work movements, including those of common net-making and net-dragging had been used by the choreographers. But they were nothing but just dances. Their rôle was usually limited to that *divertissement*. Here the motions of pulling the fish-net in common effort (there are, of course, no props) are definitely moulded into a poetic symbol, an integral part of the entire plastic imagery.

Classical dance serves as the foundation of all the choreography. At closer study it is even possible to name each step, as we do in classical *enchaînements*. But Belsky succeeded in finding his own idiom for this ballet, wherein *danse d'école* is ingeniously wedded with a mere suggestion of work and sport movements. He has carried further the principle first evolved by Lavrovsky in his *Romeo and Juliet* (though there is no comparison between these two, entirely different, ballets) — namely, each separate dance is integrated with the whole to such an extent, that it simply can't be isolated from the general context. There is a long *adagio* — the hero's and heroine's love duet. Yet there is really no association with the traditional form of *pas de deux*. A large sail suddenly slides from the wings, making the impression of a

yacht anchored close to the backdrop: the pattern of the following dance is traced in and around this "boat" so that at times it appears that the young couple are standing on its prow. Now they are diving into the sea, and again swim to finish the dance on shore. All this expressed by huge and broad leaps across the entire stage, high aerial lifts, rapid turns, in other words steps of great virtuosity used for one sole purpose of conveying the heroes' emotional state. Virtuosity is completely concealed in this kind of composition but only highly trained dancers with full command of their entire body could perform such choreography.

The next scene of the first act is that of the storm. The sea and the sky change colour. In semi-darkness the girls pathetically run hither and thither, in an atmosphere of anxiety and tension. This is enhanced by the flitting of sea-gulls. They have a very important place in the choreography and a special theme in the music. The sea-gulls symbolise freedom, motherland, strength of spirit. At times their rôle is dramatic when they bring hope to the imprisoned hero in a moment of trial. The sea-gulls' dance is purely classical and based on *élancé* darting leaps representing the birds' flight.

In the beginning of the ballet the arrival of fishermen was preceded by sea-gulls, soaring among the women. Now they also serve as harbingers, but of sorrow, thus enhancing the disturbance and alarm with which the fishermen's sweethearts peer in the silent darkness. A large *ensemble* follows, choreographed on classical lines. The general impression it leaves is that of a great tragic choir, in which separate variations stand out like vocal solos. One of them is entitled "Supplication", the other — "Despair". Both are performed by talented and expressive first soloists, while the last variation of "Hope" is given to the heroine. These variations have nothing in common, however, with those from traditional classical ballets. Altogether they form a suite of dances, symphonic in nature and composition and are part of the general wave of emotion that sweeps not only the stage-full of people, but also the auditorium.

Announced by the sea-gulls, the fishermen return at last. The composition used in the beginning of the act is repeated here. Wave after wave young men come out of the sea in lines of four. However their entire bodies express the feeling of terrible despair and anguish. In the last line there are only three men. The place which should have been filled by the fourth forms a yawning gap. This simple device grows to the dimension of an impressive and moving symbol. The impression of empty space is intensified because two of the fishermen stand with bent heads at the back of the gap, as if flanking the void formed by the loss of a friend. The heroine then throws herself right into this gap. In anguish she runs to the sea in search of the one she loves and thus ends the first act.

Entirely different kinds of plastique have been used by the choreographer for the second act representing "the other coast". Not only did he resort to the style movement borrowed from a close study of Japanese and Chinese theatre and the designs of the great Japanese classic painter Hokusai, but the very pattern of the dance is different. Instead of unity and continuity of energetic and vigorous movement we see broken lines of another fishing folk down-trodden and timorous. In an original dance they tell a simple tale of fighting and catching a shark. They suddenly notice that the waves have brought a body and carry it ashore. As soon as the young Soviet fisherman regains consciousness he makes a desperate effort of fleeing. In vain he thrusts his outstretched arms to the sea — there is no hope for escape. A patrol of black-clad soldiers with white sword-belts marches in. The fishing folk try to shield the young stranger with their own bodies. The first attempt is successful, but gradually fear overcomes these mild and easily frightened people. One by one disappears and at the side of the Soviet fisherman remains only the last of them — a pathetic figure of the "girl who has lost her beloved one".

The great impact made by this tragic and moving episodical character is due to a very considerable extent to the talent of Tatiana Legat (Nikolai Legat's granddaughter by his first marriage to the dancer Antonina Chumakova). In 1948 I saw her in the child part of the famous "*danse Manu*" from *La Bayadere* and predicted she would go far. And now I saw her as a young but fully matured artist, possessing that precious gift of projection coupled

continued on page 34

THE GIRL WHO LOST (above): Tatiana Legat (granddaughter of Nicholas Legat) as "The Girl who Lost her Beloved One". Although this dancer has a small rôle in the second act, her performance left a great impression.

LOVE DUET (below): The hero and heroine (Askold Makarov and Alla Osipenko) in the beautiful adagio from the first act. Part of their dance depicts their swimming to the shore from a boat.

BACKWARD GLANCES: 7

The Camargo Society

(Part 3)

by JOHN PERCIVAL

THE Camargo Society's season of ballet at the Savoy Theatre in 1932 was announced proudly as "The Camargo Ballet, in conjunction with the Vic-Wells Ballet and the Ballet Club". Conceived as a drastic means of overcoming the Society's financial difficulties, it was carried out with imaginative boldness and became, in some ways, the peak of the Society's activities.

The season was arranged for four weeks, from June 6 to July 2. Seat prices ranged from three shillings to a guinea, but there were advance subscription terms, open to the general public as well as members, and available in all parts of the house.

By these, books of coupons exchangeable for tickets could be bought: 10 coupons for just over the price of 8 single seats, or 20 coupons for the price of 14 single tickets except in the case of the guinea seats, where 20 coupons cost as much as 15 single tickets — a curious piece of class discrimination!

(Even more curious, perhaps, for a Society with so distinguished an economist as its treasurer, was the fact that the percentage saved under these terms was wrongly stated in the brochure.)

The company was to be headed by the illustrious Olga Spessiva, who had appeared very rarely in London, in Diaghilev's 1921 and 1929 seasons. The other leading dancers were de Valois, Markova, Lopokova, Bedells, Ruth French, Dolin, Ashton, Judson, Gore and Chappell.

De Valois acted as "mistress over the ballet" and thirty musicians from the London Symphony Orchestra were engaged. The programmes also listed (possibly as being no less important to the success of the season) a group of 18 "patrons and guarantors".

With the engagement of Spessiva, the Society was for the first time fulfilling its declared aim of presenting "the best dancing talent from abroad". (I except Karsavina and Lopokova, both of whom had married Englishmen and made their homes here.)

There was, however, in the prospectus a new declaration of the objects of the Society which, it said, was founded: *"With the aim of establishing Ballet as an indigenous art in England. It still looks for assistance and inspiration to Russia and, in particular, to some of the great dancers of the Diaghilev Ballet. It will always use and welcome talent from any country. But it is a primary object of the Society to give training and opportunity to British dancers, composers and artists. . . . If friends of the Ballet will support this season a step will have been taken towards establishing Ballet in England on a permanent basis."*

Among the "friends of the Ballet" who helped the first night programme were the Decca Record Company who, in return for a programme credit, gave some of the money needed to engage nine jazz players to join the orchestra for *High Yellow,* one of the season's two creations.

High Yellow (originally announced under the Firbank inspired title of *Sorrow in Sunlight)* was composed and conducted by Spike Hughes, then aged 23 and nearing the end of his brief but successful career in "hot jazz".

The choreography was mainly by Buddy Bradley, who was more used to arranging dance routines for people like Jack Buchanan and the Astaires than for classical dancers. He was assisted by Ashton, and the ballet had a colourful décor by Vanessa Bell.

Ashton himself played Bambu, the Don Juan of a tropical isle; Markova and Doris Sonne were the two sweethearts he left behind him, with Chappell and Gore as the two newcomers who consoled them at the end when, in the words of the programme note, "choreographic elation and orchestrated joy" prevailed.

High Yellow seems to have been lively enough entertainment in its unpretentious way, if hardly the most auspicious beginning for a season intended to establish British ballet.

It was preceded on the first night by *Job* and by a production of *Swan Lake* Act 2, with Spessiva and Dolin dancing, a décor by Duncan Grant, and Beecham conducting. Markova danced some of the later performances.

This was not strictly the first British production of *Swan Lake,* a version of which had been given by the Nemchinova-Dolin Ballet at the Coliseum in 1927 (with the 32 *fouettés* introduced after the second act adagio!). It was, however, the first large-scale production of an authentic version by a British company.

The only other entirely new work of the season was *The Origin of Design,* based by Ninette de Valois on a scenario by Carlo Blasis. The settings by Chappell were based on designs by Inigo Jones.

This anachronistic combination of archaisms resulted in a work which inspired respect in some, dislike in others, but little real enthusiasm from anybody. The score was another of Beecham's arrangements of music by Handel, and Sir Thomas con-

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Olga Spessiva danced some performances in the title rôle of Giselle *with the Camargo Society and influenced a whole generation. She is seen here in the first act with Anton Dolin as Albrecht.*

ducted. The cast included Lopokova, Markova and Dolin.

The real success of the season was Serguéeff's revival of *Giselle* for Spessiva. Serge Lifar, not a disinterested witness, describes the event in terms so tendentious as to be scarcely recognisable and declares that the occasion "added nothing" to Spessiva's reputation.

I quote this as being the only really adverse comment I have been able to find. All others who was Spessiva as *Giselle* that season seem to be divided into those who thought her the best they had ever seen, and those who thought her second only to Pavlova or Karsavina.

Dolin began his long career as Albrecht by partnering her. Markova sat entranced in the wings, trying to analyse Spessiva's stagecraft but instead being carried away by her, night after night.

Ruth French danced the Queen of the Wilis, Prudence Hyman and Stanley Judson the *pas de deux,* and others taking part included Ashton as Hilarion, de Valois as Berthe and Ursula Moreton as Bathilde.

Something of Spessiva's quality can still be seen in a fragmentary amateur film of the Camargo production in Marie Rambert's possession. The film also shows clearly that the production as a whole was, by the standards of one generation later, cramped, undermanned and impoverished in everything but artistry.

One must say this, not to denigrate the Camargo Society's achievements, but to put them in perspective. They had enthusiasm and talent, but their resources were limited. They dared greatly, and accomplished much, but as pioneers they were constantly forced to improvise, to make do and to suffer setbacks and disappointments.

At the time, what mattered was that an English company could present a season of ballet on a West End stage; that the superb Spessiva was content to appear with them, and that our native dancers could hold their own both in the classics and in new works of their own creation.

The Savoy season included, as well as the ballets already mentioned, four other works previously created for the Society: *Façade, Rio Grande, Ballade* and *The Lord Burleigh.*

Mars and Venus was again borrowed from the Rambert repertory, and *Fête Polonaise* from the Vic-Wells, the latter being given new costumes by Edmund Dulac for the occasion.

New to the Camargo programmes were *Mercury* (music by Satie, choreography by Ashton), which the Ballet Club had first given a year earlier, and two fairly recent Vic-Wells creations, *Regatta* (music by Gavin Gordon, choreography by Ashton) and *The Enchanted Grove* (music by Ravel and Debussy, choreography by Rupert Doone).

Also mentioned in the preliminary announcement, but not actually given, were *Le Spectre de la Rose* (with "traditional" scenery and costumes, said the leaflet intriguingly) and *L'Après-midi d'un Faune.*

In one respect the Camargo Society was perhaps unnecessarily lavish. The programmes during the Savoy season included orchestral interludes, consisting of new or unfamiliar works by English composers, mostly living.

For some of these, special dropcloths were designed and painted. Perhaps the cost was not great; perhaps the cloths helped to make patrons feel they were getting good value for money; perhaps they were simply to give the non-musical members of the audience something to pass the time.

Even so, it is surprising that an organisation which needed to beg and borrow all the time, and still count every penny, should have felt able to afford this extravagance.

With the Savoy season ended the Camargo Society's second year of activity. A new secretary (Miss J. M. Harvey) took over, subscriptions for the third year were invited, and a new programme was given at the Adelphi on December 4, 1932.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CAMARGO YEARS: Above, a scene from Ninette de Valois's Job *with Anton Dolin, as Satan, being cast down. Below, left, William Chappell as Man and Ursula Moreton as Woman in Ninette de Valois's version of* La Créâtion du Monde. *Below, right, Frederick Ashton in the Tango from his own* Façade *which is still one of the most popular light British ballets.*

This included *Les Sylphides* (danced by the Vic-Wells Ballet, for whom Markova had revived it earlier in the year) and a repeat of Ashton's *Follow Your Saint* with a new cast (Pearl Argyle, Chappell and Gore) and a new title *(The Passionate Pavane).*

These presumably replaced two productions which had proved impracticable, one with music by Ethel Smyth and the other a revival of the old Empire ballet, *The Debutante.* This latter was given a couple of months later at the Coliseum by the Association of Operatic Dancing (now R.A.D.).

There were three new works, however, on the Camargo programme. Penelope Spencer created her second work for the Society. This was *The Infanta's Birthday,* after Oscar Wilde's story, with music by Elizabeth Lutyens, scenery and costumes by Rex Whistler.

Wendy Toye played the Infanta, Hedley Briggs the Dwarf, and there was a *divertissement,* in the form of a palace entertainment, featuring a sham bullfight, Moorish slaves, acolytes and the cabaret artist Eve as a "dancer from afar".

The 15-year-old Wendy Toye, already known as a child prodigy, also created the choreography of *There is a Willow Grows Aslant a Brook,* in which she appeared as Ophelia with a *corps de ballet* of eight wilis. The music was by Frank Bridge, who also conducted it.

This work won high praise from Haskell ("infinitely fresh and charming" . . . "infinitely musical") but otherwise made no great stir.

The other new work was *Adam and Eve,* with choreography by Antony Tudor, who had already begun to make his name with his first three ballets for Rambert. This, the Camargo Society's last creation, had music by Constant Lambert which had been composed in 1925 (when Lambert was 20) as a *suite dansée.*

In this form it was submitted to Diaghilev, who declined the scenario but earmarked some of the music for inclusion in *Romeo and Juliet,* which he commissioned from Lambert the following year.

For the Camargo production Lambert restored the music to its original form. The plot followed approximately the Biblical story except that "in accordance with the well-known precedent set by Mozart in the finale of *Don Giovanni,* there has been added a final reconciliation scene of all the characters."

The characters included Dolin as Adam, Prudence Hyman as Eve and Tudor as the Serpent, with an angel, two seraphim and four fowls of the air. John Banting was responsible for the scenery and costumes. Although Tudor worked with his usual care and some originality, the ballet was not entirely successful.

It is to be hoped, however, that members who had renewed their subscriptions enjoyed this programme, for it was to be the last of the Society's Sunday performances.

There was, nevertheless, one further programme. This, given in two gala performances at Covent Garden on June 27 and 29, 1933, showed in effect the Vic-Wells Ballet with guest artists. They performed the first two acts of *Coppélia* (with Lopokova, Judson and Briggs) and act 2 of *Swan Lake* (with Markova and Dolin).

Sandwiched between these was to have been *Le Spectre de la Rose,* but instead Dolin gave his solo, *Espagnol* — the first solo recital dance on a Camargo programme since the unfortunate second production.

Keynes had pulled the strings to get the Society invited to give these two gala evenings, which were in honour of the World Economic Conference meeting in London. The Queen attended the first night, the Prime Minister the second, and socially the event was a great success. It also served to show the new standing reached by British ballet.

"Our two Covent Garden performances," de Valois wrote later, "were hardly on a scale that was worthy of the great theatre . . . but it was rather astonishing that we could venture to enter its portals at all after two years of life."

The programme, it is true, did nothing to reflect the Society's creative achievements. On the other hand, these final performances did restore their financial position.

So hard up had they been that, when Markova decided a new costume was needed for her appearance in such surroundings, her mother had to buy the tarlatan which was then made up jointly by the whole family. With the aid of such cheese-paring methods, the Vic-Wells Ballet helped Camargo to convert debts into a small credit balance.

So ended the Camargo Society. After much deliberation the physical assets (scores, costumes and scenery) were given to the Vic-Wells Ballet, together with about £200. (The cash balance later helped to pay for the production of *Apparitions.)*

This disposal of assets was reasonable enough, since the money had been gained with the help of the Vic-Wells Ballet, and the Ballet Club, playing on the tiny Mercury stage, would not have been able to make such good use of productions designed for a larger theatre.

What had the Camargo Society achieved? It had presented, over a period of thirty-two months, 43 performances of ballet in central London, as well as taking part in two charity shows and appearing for the International Society for Contemporary Music. Also, some Camargo productions were given by the British company which went to Copenhagen in 1932.

It had performed three dozen ballets and *divertissements,* slightly more than half of which were created for the occasion. Nine of the creations (five by de Valois and four by Ashton) went later into the repertory of the Vic-Wells (now Royal) Ballet, where two of them, *Job* and *Façade,* seem so far to have found a permanent place. *Façade* proved a staple also of the Rambert repertory.

In music the Society had, through economic necessity, been rather less adventurous than in choreography. Even so, ten living English composers had their works performed as ballets, apart from the orchestral interludes. Of these ten, Lambert made the biggest impression with *Pomona, Rio Grande* and *Adam and Eve,* as well as by his conducting.

There were some interesting "might-have-beens", too, on the musical side. Lambert apparently wanted to do *Tiresias* for Camargo, but the Committee thought the subject unsuitable. A very young man named Benjamin Britten spoke to Lambert about the possibility of writing a ballet, but somehow nothing came of it, so we had to wait another quarter of a century for his first specially composed ballet.

So far as scenery and costumes were concerned, the Society was far less successful. Haskell, the Society's "art director", wrote in 1932 that they had been "so far an immense disappointment . . . well below the level of the music and dancing . . . the greatest handicap that ballet has to face here".

The position is not so much different today that we can afford to sneer at the Camargo Society's failure in this respect.

The Camargo Society was, from first to last, essentially an organisation for getting ballets produced, and nothing more. (Thus, an attempt to form a reference library, announced in the programme of the third production, seems to have come to nothing, for it was not mentioned again.)

The important thing about the Society was that it grew up when it did, at the same time as Marie Rambert and Ninette de Valois were converting their tiny groups of dancers into permanent ballet companies, on however small a scale.

Without them, Camargo could never have achieved more than a fraction of what it did. Without Camargo, their task would have been far harder — perhaps even impossible, although I doubt this.

Rambert gained less than de Valois. Her dancers gave their first public matinée at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on February 25, 1930 — only nine days after the Camargo inaugural dinner.

By the time of the first Camargo performance, the Rambert dancers had already given a short season at Hammersmith, reviving *Les Sylphides* and *Spectre* with Karsavina; and Rambert's Ballet Club opened its doors only three weeks after the second Camargo production.

Where Rambert gained was in the invaluable extra experience and increased fame which Ashton, her leading choreographer, and many of her dancers rapidly acquired in Camargo productions, as well as in the prestige which accrued to British ballet generally.

De Valois' Vic-Wells Ballet shared in such advantages, but also benefited materially. Working in a bigger theatre, de Valois needed to mount large-scale productions, but the budget just would not run to these. Hence the series of minor *divertissements* and trivial ballets produced by the Vic-Wells at the time.

Camargo gave de Valois the chance to create on a bigger scale for the first time: *La Création du Monde* and *Job* were the immediate results. When *Job* went into the Vic-Wells repertory soon afterwards de Valois had acquired, for no more expenditure than a small royalty and the fees of the extra dancers engaged by the night, a new work which her company could not otherwise have produced — and one which drew in the public, too.

The Camargo Society, in fact, was an example of mutual aid at its best. In recent years we have enjoyed the presence of other clubs and societies in this country whose work, of finding and fostering talent, might fairly be compared with that of the Camargo Society.

I do not want here to go into a detailed weighing of achievements, but I suggest that the creative record of these recent organisations, when set by that of the Camargo Society, gives no cause for shame to either generation.

It is another matter whether we have now the same spirit of willing co-operation on all sides in the interests of British ballet as a whole. Perhaps there is a moral here.

Phyllis Bedells was able to write of the Camargo Society, in her autobiography, that it came to an end because "we had served our purpose". They had indeed, honourably and well. What better epitaph could they want?

THE NATIONAL BALLET ACADEMY OF IRAN: Above, Senior girls at the barre. Below, advanced boys' class in centre work. Bottom, Miro Zolan giving a class to 11-14 year-old students.

Report from Iran

Last autumn, MIRO ZOLAN a principal dancer of the Royal Ballet, left Britain with his wife Sandra Vane, also a member of the Royal Ballet, to take up the position of ballet master at the National Ballet Academy of Iran in Tehran. This is what he says about his work:

THE Academy is attractively situated in the city of Tehran and is a modern building with two large studios and many offices for the teaching staff. Close by is the Conservatorium and so is the half-built National Theatre of Iran which will be completed in two years. To the north we can see the mountains which look beautiful and are always covered with snow.

We have 200 pupils in the academy and they are divided into nine classes, and so far three groups of pupils come to study every day. This intensive study promises the best results. As the academy has been functioning for about five years there are a good number of advanced students. The difficulties that most people have found with student dancers in the Middle East are the same here, namely that they lack a sense of duty to themselves. But gradually our discipline is starting to make itself felt and gradually they are getting a clearer idea of their aim which should get clearer still because they work hard and love it.

Ballet is becoming very popular in this country and the number of new students grows. Boys are accepted into the academy without fees and this encourages the necessary supply of male dancers for the future. In both sexes there is a lot of talent which promises well for the formation of a National Ballet Company which the Fine Arts Administration (directed by Mr. Nejat Ahmazaden) is taking steps to materialise in the near future. Iranian history is richly packed with interesting subjects for future ballets and already the existing company of Iranian Folk Dancers enjoys great popularity all over the country, the group being formed by the senior members of the academy. With so much source material we hope for interesting developments.

ENGAGEMENT IN PARIS: Liane Daydé, formerly a ballerina of the Paris Opéra and now with the de Cuevas company, recently became engaged to impresario Claude Giraud, with whom she is seen in her dressing-room. Photo: Lido.

NEW FACE IN LONDON: Gillian Shane, formerly a pupil of Letty Littlewood's school in Wimbledon, joined London's Festival Ballet last autumn and the company believe that in her they may have a future potential star. Photo: Mike Davis.

curtain up!

She's in—she's out

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN certainly never does things by halves. The news that she was to retire in the near future scarcely had time to send many of her millions of admirers and, incidentally, some of the Opera House's administration also, into hysterics when a statement from Covent Garden was issued which blandly told that it had all been a dreadful misunderstanding.

Presumably the Canadian reporters who set the scare rolling must have dreamed it all up — or perhaps someone was pulling someone's leg. Anyway, they went into circumstantial detail about why she was leaving the stage and what she would do afterwards (teach? — certainly not).

The fact remains that Fonteyn cannot be expected to continue dancing indefinitely, and that when she goes, which may be soon or late, she is not likely to announce her intention months in advance. Anyway, there seems every likelihood that before she retires she will create one more great rôle in a ballet by the person who has given everything to her career.

New Light on MacMillan

THERE'S something about being famous, you know, which opens doors for people. Take Kenneth MacMillan, for example.

Last May something went wrong with the lights in his flat. He spoke to the London Electricity Board about it but apparently they said something about waiting five months, so he did nothing more about it and just made do with candles in the bathroom. Then he made a new ballet, *The Invitation,* which was sensational enough for one of the Sunday newspapers to decide to write a little profile of him.

MacMillan happened to mention the lights to the newspaper man, and he immediately thought, "Aha, human interest!" and put it in his piece.

Now a well-known lighting consultant, who has before now been praised in the pages of *Dance and Dancers* for the way he has lit various ballets, happened to read this article and offered to help. The story has a happy ending. Within two days of this offer, the contractors turned up and repaired the installation. The moral of which is: be famous enough and you will never again need to use candles to light your bathroom.

Exotic visitors

THE plans for a Commonwealth Arts Festival in 1964 are necessarily a bit vague at the moment. All that anyone can say with certainty is that London and other parts of the country will be concerned and that entertainment will be aimed at all tastes and that ballet will be included.

The present intention is that the Royal Ballet shall be asked to put on programmes featuring the work of Commonwealth

FRANCE'S BALLETOMANE NUMBER ONE: George Skibine with General de Gaulle for whom the Paris Opéra are preparing ten special performances next season. The French President does not want to see the same ballet twice. A few other heads of State might follow the General's example. Photo: Pic.

dancers and choreographers. This, at least, should not be difficult since we already often see such programmes at Covent Garden.

What intrigues me, however, is one hint which has so far received little or no publicity. This is that particular attention should be paid to dancers specialising in African or Asian dances. Just how, I wonder, does that fit in to the Royal Ballet set-up ?

A wreath for the living

COVENT GARDEN does not go in much for flambouyant gestures and the number of men in the Royal Ballet who have been given laurel wreaths could, I suppose, be counted on the fingers of one hand and still leave enough fingers to avoid the need to put down one's cigarette.

There was Dolin when he was a guest artist ; there was Somes when he was made C.B.E.; and now there is Trecu.

Trecu's wreath, presented at his farewell performance in *La Fête Etrange,* was a tribute from his many faithful admirers in the gallery. Throughout his career, Trecu has been not only a fine artist but a very warm-hearted person.

Not long ago, for instance, he heard that one of his fans was ill in hospital. He started to say, "Please give her my best wishes", but at once changed his mind. Although busy, he made time to go himself to see her and cheer her up. A typical gesture from a very friendly person who will be missed both off-stage and on.

Up school!

ONE of the most eagerly awaited ballet performances of the year, nowadays, is the annual performance by the Royal Ballet School. This year, I hear, it will be given rather later than in the past — probably during the first week of June.

So far, the pupils have been seen in full-length classics, but this year it seems they are to be allowed to try their hands at some of the standard modern works. Covent Garden interval gossip has already mentioned *Les Patineurs* and *The Rake's Progress.* The latter seems an odd choice, since one would normally expect more mature dancers to be needed, but then last year's *Swan Lake* seemed an odd choice until it was seen. In addition, the students will almost certainly give one act from a full-length classic.

Which twin does the touring?

THE Covent Garden management, being more than a little bit touchy about any mention of senior and junior companies, rather likes to distinguish the two parts of the Royal Ballet as "resident" and "touring" companies. This, as I have pointed out before, is a trifle confusing when the resident company is on tour and the touring company is in residence — if you see what I mean. However, this year I gather that things will be cleared up — or something — by sending *both* companies on tour.

In April, the company that started the Covent Garden season (the one that wasn't in America) leaves for an international festival in Japan, with Margot Fonteyn and Beryl Grey as its ballerinas. This will be followed by a fairly extensive tour of the Far East.

In June, the company who will have been holding the fort at Covent Garden, leave for their first tour of Russia where they will play in both Moscow and Leningrad.

So with all our Royal Ballet companies having gone eastwards the only disadvantage is that none of the dancers will be able to see the Kirov Ballet from Leningrad which opens its season at Covent Garden on June 19.

Former Wells' star dies

DAVID PALTENGHI, who died early in February after a long illness, had a fairly brief but distinguished part to play in British ballet. Born in Bournemouth in 1919, he studied under Tudor and others, making his debut in 1939 with the London Ballet.

The following year he created the Young Nobleman (now called Bridegroom) in *La Fête Etrange,* and transferred to Ballet Rambert when the companies amalgamated. In 1941 he joined Sadler's Wells Ballet, and quite soon became a principal dancer.

He left in 1947 to go into films, but rejoined Rambert from 1949 until 1951. During this period he choreographed five ballets for the company. None of them survives today, although the dramatic *House of Cards* had much success at the time.

Paltenghi was a very handsome, strongly-built man with a good presence. A sound partner and a very fine actor, although with a limited classical technique, he was at his best in romantic or dramatic parts.

He took important rôles in almost all of Helpmann's ballets, which certainly owed something of their success during the '40's to Paltenghi's authority and skilled acting. Wartime conditions also made him dance ballets like *Swan Lake* to which he was less well suited.

I remember him with most pleasure as the Prince in the vision scene of *Sleeping Beauty,* as Hilarion, in the *pas de deux* of *Les Patineurs,* and, brilliantly witty, with Margaret Hill in the slow movement of *Gala Performance.*

Paltenghi did his share in keeping ballet going during a difficult period, and did it well.

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happy birthday to...

		March
Joan Benesh	Royal Ballet Organisation	26
Léonide Massine	Ballets Europeen de Nervi	26
Joan Harris	The Opera, Munich	26
Valerie Davie	London's Festival Ballet	28
Jeffrey Kovel	Borovansky Ballet	29
Ivan Baptie	London's Festival Ballet	31
		April
Shirley Bishop	The Royal Ballet	1
Leo Kersley	Teaching in England	1
Yanis Metsis		2
Edward Caton		2
Lydia Sokolova		4
Antony Tudor	Choreographer in America	4
Rodney Macdonald	London's Festival Ballet	5
Diane Westerman	London's Festival Ballet	5
Vicki Karras	London's Festival Ballet	6
Keith Lester	Choreographer at the Windmill	9
Sylvia Wellman	Western Theatre Ballet	9
Joanna Banks	Ballet Rambert	12
Keith Milland	The Royal Ballet	16
Henry Legerton	The Royal Ballet	17
Brenda Last	Western Theatre Ballet	17
Janet Keadge	London's Festival Ballet	18
Algeranoff	Borovansky Ballet	18
John Taras	New York City Ballet	18
Jennifer Alderton	London's Festival Ballet	18
Gary Burne	The Royal Ballet	20
Vivienne Dodds	Ballet Rambert	21
Elsa Marianne von Rosen	Dancing in Sweden	21
Ronald Hynd	The Royal Ballet	22
Claudie Algeranova	The Opera House, Lausanne	24
Angela Leigh	The Canadian National Ballet	24
Armando Navarro	De Cuevas International Ballet	24
Kenneth Melville	The Canadian National Ballet	24

Dancer You Will Know

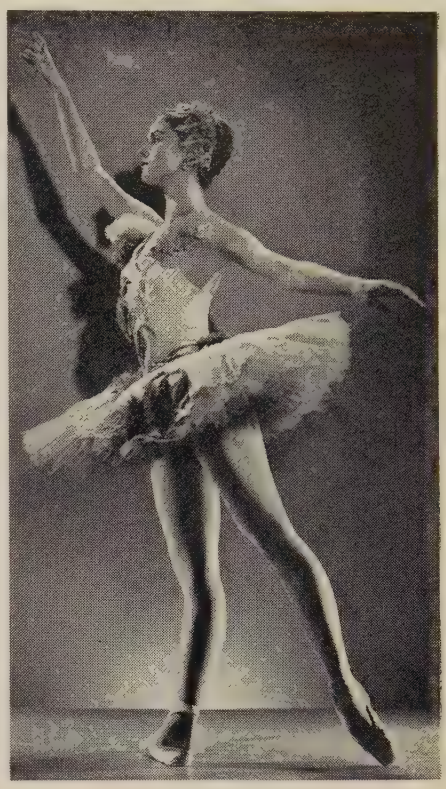


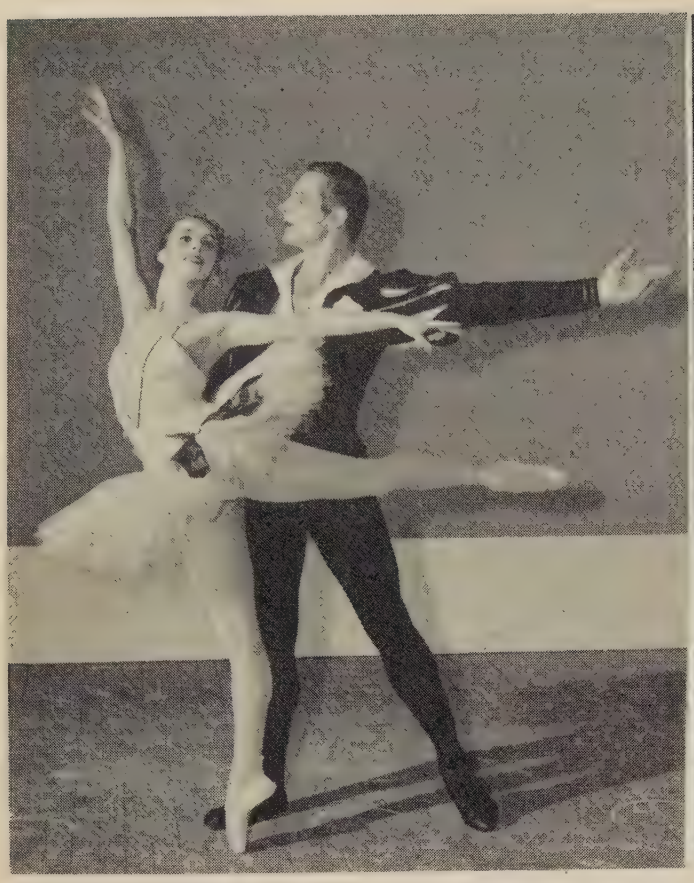
Photo : Houston Rogers.

BARBARA REMINGTON

BORN in Windsor, Ontario, on December 29, 1936. Trained at the Severo Ballet School in Detroit, Michigan. Joined Ballet Theatre in 1958 for one year and came to England in 1959. Studied at the Royal Ballet School for three months and joined the company in the autumn of 1959. Appointed junior soloist in January, 1961. Creation : Older Sister in The Invitation. *Rôles : Lilac Fairy in* The Sleeping Beauty; *Centre* Pas de Six *and Leading Swan in* Swan Lake; *Mazurka in* Les Sylphides; *Fairy Godmother in* Cinderella; *2nd* Pas de Trois *in* La Fête Etrange.

TO make your debut with one of the world's leading ballet companies in a ballerina rôle (the Lilac Fairy) is, to say the least, an unusual way for a *corps de ballet* girl to start her career. In fact, Barbara Remington had already had a year's professional dancing experience before she joined the Royal Ballet, and right from the start she stood out from her contemporaries. She has a rare quality of self-possession, and although she has naturally not yet acquired the full authority demanded by such a part as the Lilac Fairy, hers was a promising attempt.

Her arms are unusually good, and her dancing has a certain eloquence, in some ways reminiscent of her fellow-Canadian, Lynn Seymour. In contrast with most of the Royal Ballet, her legs and feet are far less perfect than the upper half of her body, and this will need to be remedied in time. Her personality is attractive, and she has shown some understanding of romantic rôles, yet there is a small tendency to over-project her charm. Remington is now rehearsing Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty,* and her future should be interesting.



SOVIET BIRTHDAY GUESTS: Above left, Olga Moiseeva and Askold Makarov from the Kirov Theatre, Leningrad in the Don Quixote Pas de Deux *which they gave at the performances to mark the 21st Anniversary of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Above right, Moiseeva and Makarov are seen with the company's Director, Arnold Spohr at the Anniversary Party held in Winnipeg's Legislative Building. Photos: Campbell and Chipman.*

First British "Royal" Ballet comes of age

THE Royal Winnipeg Ballet is now twenty-one years old. As the Winnipeg Ballet Club it was organised by Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Farrally in 1938. Two years later it gave its first performance thus marking the first season of the Winnipeg Ballet. After performances at home and also tours to other parts of Canada, the company became a professional one in 1949. Four years later it was accorded the distinction of becoming the first British company to be granted permission to include "Royal" in its corporate name. Since then it has continued to give performances and to tour Canada and the United States apart from a period from 1954 to 1955 when the company lost all its effects and properties in a fire.

TOAST TO THE FUTURE: The company being toasted at the Anniversary Party. In the centre is seen the 1,280-pound 7-tier cake which took thirty days to make and which was adorned by china ballerinas. Photo: Campbell and Chipman.

For the company's 21st Anniversary performances (December 27 to 30) two artists from the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad — Olga Moiseeva and Askold Makarov — were invited. They danced in *Swan Lake* Act 2 and the *Don Quixote Pas de Deux*. Their presence proved to be a great inspiration to the company. She for her style, sensitivity, phrasing and extreme musicality; he for his magnificent elevation, multiple turns and superb partnering. The company loved working with the Russians, there were no barriers and there was that understanding that comes with dancers.

The 21st birthday party was one of the biggest and most successful social functions yet held in Winnipeg. The grand staircase of the Legislative Building was covered with flowers and the company — girls in white, boys in black — lined up each side while the scarlet-coated Royal Canadian Mounted Police were on guard. It was a warm and friendly affair which was enjoyed by everyone and much impressed the Russians.

Graduation in Vienna

RECORDS Reviewed by
DAVID HUNT

Johann Strauss II arr. Dorati: *Graduation Ball.* Weber orch. Berlioz: *Invitation to the Dance.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Willi Boskovsky). Decca LXT 5610; SXL 2250. 12in. *39s. 9d.*

WILLI BOSKOVSKY has become, since the death of Clemens Krauss, Vienna's leading exponent of the music of the Strauss family; and it might have been expected that a performance of *Graduation Ball* played by the Vienna Philharmonic under his direction would be far more authentically Viennese than the general run of theatre performances. The waltzes in particular are given with all those subtle touches of rubato and phrasing that are inimitably Viennese, and the gaiety and sparkle of the music are irresistibly brought out.

Yet the atmosphere, characterisation and incidents of *Graduation Ball* are not as strongly evoked as in the less idiomatic Decca performance under Fistoulari, the reason being that for much of the time Boskovsky's tempi bear scant relation to Lichine's choreography.

The *Flugschriften Waltz,* for instance, is played as written, instead of opening slowly as directed by Dorati in order to depict the ball's tentative, shy beginning. The Drummer's Dance is taken much too briskly and a bar has been accidentally snipped out of the main march tune each of the three times it occurs. The Sylphide and the Scotsman *pas de deux* is deficient in wistful poetry and the Dance Competition music played at a spanking pace that would rule out the more difficult feats of virtuosity at the end of each series of *fouettés.*

Fistoulari's account is still the one to have, even though the recording is without the brilliance of this new stereo version. The Boskovsky has the further advantage, however, of including as fill-up an excellent performance of *Le Spectre de la Rose.*

Incidentally, the sleeve-note on *Graduation Ball* (the same one previously used for the Fistoulari record) talks about the Mathematics and Natural History and Circus Divertissements as if they were still included in present-day performances, though they were omitted after the first Australian performances and have not been given for 20 years. The former deserved its suppression, but the Circus number, which was cut presumably because of the difficult quick-change it entailed for the Junior Cadet and the Compère, was one of the best dances Lichine has created.

The picture on this page gives some idea of its exciting bravura quality. Festival Ballet might consider asking Lichine to reinstate it, if necessary with the rôles allocated to two of the other pupils.

CIRCUS DANCE: David Lichine as the Ringmaster and Tatiana Riabouchinska as the Equestrienne in the circus divertissement *that was originally part of* Graduation Ball *when the ballet was first produced in Australia, but is no longer included.*

Copland's Two Springs

Copland: *Appalachian Spring. The Tender Land Suite.* Boston Symphony Orchestra (Aron Copland). RCA RB 16232; Stereo SB 2104. 12 in. *39s. 9d.*

THERE has been no recording of Copland's "Ballet for Martha" since the deletion of the Nixa version, which was issued not long after Martha Graham introduced the ballet to London during her memorable 1954 season at the Saville Theatre.

As was the case with the previous recording, the new performance is of the later scoring for large orchestra — the original 1944 version for 13 instruments can only be played as accompaniment for the ballet, a condition agreed to by the composer when he accepted Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge's commission to write a work for the Graham repertoire.

The performance, which is impeccably played and brings out most movingly all the tenderness and joy in the music, shows that Copland is yet another exception to the supposed rule — no doubt invented by conductors who aren't composers — that composers make poor interpreters of their own music.

The second side is devoted to a suite from Copland's opera *The Tender Land,* first produced in its original two-act form by the New York City Opera Company in April, 1954. Though the story is set in the 1930's, there are obvious and interesting parallels here, both musically and dramatically, with *Appalachian Spring.*

The action takes place during spring harvest time and concerns a farm family. The party music from Act 2 is occasionally reminiscent of the Hoe-down in *Rodeo* but the rest of the music leaves little doubt that Copland was intent on exploiting in more expansive operatic form the poignantly lyrical vein of *Appalachian Spring.*

Here again the performance must be judged definitive, and the stereo recording has an impressive spaciousness and depth. The mono, though sounding a little cramped by comparison, nevetheless gives clean, rich reproduction.

All of Tchaikovsky

Tchaikovsky: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati), with Rafael Druian (violin). Mercury MA 11113-5. 12 in. *113s. 4½d.*

WITH this re-issue, Dorati's invaluable complete recordings of the three Tchaikovsky classics are now all available again. I reviewed the performance at length in March, 1957, when it was first issued by the Pye group and nothing has come out since then to challenge its supremacy as the most important recording of *The Sleeping Beauty* ever made.

There are actually two trifling cuts (in *Panorama* and the Gold Fairy's Variation) but these scarcely affect the issue. In fact, it is fairly certain that, as with Dorati's *Swan Lake,* this is the first time that the music has ever been played exactly as Tchaikovsky conceived it.

The score was, of course, the result of close collaboration between Petipa and the composer, but the grandeur of Tchaikovsky's conception evidently taxed even Petipa's invention at many points and this, together with other practical considerations, necessitated a great many cuts and some omissions which, nevertheless, had Tchaikovsky's authority. Diaghilev introduced additional changes, some of which — most notable the substitution of the Florestan and his Sisters *Pas de Trois* for the *Pas de Quatre* of Precious Metals and Stones, and the use of the Coda to the *Grand Pas de Deux* in Act 3 as a character dance for the Three Ivans — are still followed in the Royal Ballet production.

In her recent book, *English Ballet,* the Soviet critic Natalia Roslavleva criticises the Royal Ballet for following Diaghilev's example. Her remarks are surely justified in regard to the "Florestan" section, for the present arrangement entails the suppression of two of Tchaikovsky's most magical variations, and the choreography for the Gold, Silver, Diamond and Sapphire Fairies, which Roslavleva calls "Petipa's masterpiece" certainly deserves a place in the ballet. Roslavleva is wrong, incidentally, in stating that the Royal Ballet have kept in the dances from *The Nutcracker* which Diaghilev introduced into the Act 3 *divertissement.*

Even in Russia, however, some cuts have always been made. It may seem impractical to suggest that the ballet should be staged with every note of the music played, but hearing it as performed on these records does make one wish this could be so. After all, it is Tchaikovsky's glorious contribution which has kept *The Sleeping Beauty* perenially youthful. Petipa's choreography is, of course, worthy of its great music, but if a lesser composer had been his collaborator on this occasion *The Sleeping Beauty* would no doubt be as dead and forgotten as *Le Marché des Innocents, Floride, Trilby* and the 50-odd other full-length Petipa ballets that have not stayed the course.

Dorati's performance should be made compulsory listening for the artistic and musical directors of every ballet company that has the work on its repertoire, and

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Re-discovering Theatre

by PETER BROWNLEE

The views of dancers, when they have something interesting to say, will always find their way on to these pages. Peter Brownlee, a dancer in London's Festival Ballet who is also training to become a company manager, here raises a number of points about the future direction of ballet production.

A TELEVISION set holds pride of place in countless living rooms throughout Great Britain. Once it was the upright piano, the music box or "The Stag at Bay". This revolution in entertainment bringing it right into the home, so to speak, has challenged the cinema and theatre to a fight to the death in their efforts to coax audiences out of their armchairs back into the stalls. The cinema fought with Cinerama, Todd AO, and Cinemascope, but the theatre, as yet, has found no weapon.

Has the small screen subconsciously minimised our theatrical endeavours? The small play in the small theatre seems to be the social vogue. Is the theatre, reproducing the mould set by television and which is rightly television's own?

Why must our entertainment be small? Have we lost our confidence? We have the greatest actors in the world, great singers and dancers; we have theatres, playwrights, choreographers, designers and composers. But most of all we have tradition — that old abused word which at present seems to be used only by American tourists looking over Windsor Castle. We have no reason to be self-conscious, minimise or small-scale ourselves; let other nations do that.

It's a well-known fact that the average audience can't sit still for more than an hour. An evening in the cinema is not complete without a choc-ice or a drink-on-a-stick, and at home a quick snack is prepared during the television commercials. Modern audiences seem to demand a plate of *hors d'oeuvre* — a little bit of everything that is tasty. Quick contact appeals to the masses and I suppose it has always been this way. The music hall, the variety bill and now television with its multitude of new faces, new places and new ideas, every day appeals to the modern need for constant new sensations.

But will this always be the case? The old theatrical axiom says "give the people what they want". Several years ago this may have been true but with the cinemas' wide-screen, and films like *Ben Hur* and *The Ten Commandments,* it would seem that the cinema is giving them what they don't get at home; and it works. The time has come for ballet companies too to realise that *they,* in turn, must give audiences what they don't get at home. They must give them colour, super-tremendous productions on the wide stage, and it would seem that the three-act ballet is the answer. But the approach to these ballets, and the production of them, should perhaps differ from previous works of this kind.

In 1956 we saw and admired the Bolshoi Ballet, yet in many respects their visit has had a lasting effect in memory only. We remember Ulanova and the tremendous theatricality of the productions, but many of us dismiss the ballets as choreographically inferior to our own and regard some of their staging as old-fashioned. Nevertheless, we must remember that the Bolshoi made ballet a real, vital, and wholly theatrical experience. The artists were not people acting Romeo and Juliet, they *were* Romeo and Juliet. The Montagues and Capulets did not perform a choreographic sword dance, they came on to the stage to fight to the kill.

Have our Princesses been too long sleeping? Is it necessary for ballet always to be a fairy tale? With the example of *The Invitation* before us perhaps we can hope that it will not always be this way. The British choreographer is himself superior, and to emulate the Russians would indeed be regression. Yet although the *enchaînement* usually looks beautiful, our choreographers too often fail with the approach to the character. It would appear that the Russian choreographer works from the "character" down through to the *enchaînement,* whereas the English choreographer works from the *enchaînement* down through to the character. For a playwright to write his words and then put them on a character would produce a very strange play indeed. However, for some reason, Western ballet is always creating incredible characters. If it is to establish itself as real art, it must first create three-dimensional characters. This, together with the final production of the ballet, seems to be our biggest problem.

Once a work of theatrical art is completed it requires a third eye. The composer does not produce his opera or the playwright his play. So, one might ask, why should the choreographer produce his own ballets? I think it would be correct to say that ballet is the only theatrical art where the creator is also the producer. Movement is not the only requisite for an exciting production.

Petrushka, Schéhérazade, and many other one-act ballets could, I consider, enjoy a new life with the help of a first-class theatrical producer. With his help we could perhaps understand why these old ballets are still classed, if not at present honoured, as masterpieces. Recent revivals have hardly helped their legendary reputations. *Petrushka* is a particularly enigmatic ballet, and in recent years three productions of this ballet have been seen in London, each one differing from the other; with in each instance the revivalist, with his hand on his heart, swearing that his is the *vrai Petrushka.* They — and I say this with every respect — can't *all* be right!

For all that, did one of them give us a production that justified its reputation as a great ballet? I'm not blaming these revivalists for making history a lie; obviously they did their best, but by themselves just as actors' words do not make a play so the dancers' steps do not make a ballet. The producer helps and encourages the actor, checking what is wrong, developing what is right, and the same methods can and should apply to dancers and ballets.

For a good producer *Petrushka* would provide a particularly rewarding challenge. Someone like, say, Joan Littlewood could help to keep the fair scenes moving; too often they are played with that placid, casual, filling-in English gracefulness, and for English dancers they are the most difficult part of the ballet. But if each dancer had a clearly defined character to play, the right theatrical contrast could be achieved that would enable the two isolated and symbolic puppet scenes to attain a greater dramatic intensity. When this happens, we may well learn that the history books are right, and *Petrushka* will enter into its own.

With *The Snow Maiden,* London's Festival Ballet, and more important, England, may have in its repertoire a ballet to refer to as the yard-stick for all future three-act ballets created in England.

And in the meantime, who will be the first English choreographer to ask Franco Zefferelli to assist him with his new three-act ballet?

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET

(Touring Section)

at Covent Garden

Thug Town

SOMETIMES I wonder whether I like *Coppélia,* but usually I know perfectly well that I don't! The three principal characters are almost entirely unsympathetic, motivated by malice, jealousy, pride and avarice, the heroine is heartless, the hero a cad and the endearing old toy-maker nothing more than a potential murderer. The townsfolk are by and large thugs, who spend most of their time dressed up in Ruritanian musical comedy outfits prancing up and down in choreographic routines, faintly reminiscent of all the worst aspects of pre-war musicals. The climate of the miserably wretched toy town they inhabit with such frightening heartiness is so unpredictable that it passes from early dusk to pitch-blackness in the time it takes the spiv-hero to climb his burglar's ladder. The madly danceable music by Delibes reminds me personally of nothing so much as hours spent reviewing interminable gramophone records. Mind you, so far as *Coppélia* is concerned, I am probably not a typical member of the audience.

Elizabeth Anderton's Swanilda has already been reviewed in these pages more than once. However, her performance on December 28 was an improvement on what had gone before. Her second act is resourceful and witty, and her dancing throughout was more assured than before, even though she still has a certain stiffness around her neck and shoulders. At times, also, her acting was a little over-emphasised — in the first act, for example, her dudgeon was just a shade too high. Donald Britton, as brash and bouncy a Franz as ever, was not dancing with his

usual accuracy and *brio*. Perhaps he had been affected by Henry Legerton's Dr. Coppélius actually breaking a chianti bottle over his head. Legerton is extremely amusing, but this is carrying a good joke too far.

Three days later, on the last day of 1960, Doreen Wells made her Covent Garden debut as Swanilda. The most surprising thing about the performance was that she had not been given the rôle before, for her excellence was predictable. Extrovert, bright and lively, this had the kind of soubrette dash we associate with Nerina, and her dancing could hardly be faulted. The last act *pas de deux* was a particular delight, but the whole performance was sufficient to place her with one bound in the first flight of Royal Ballet Swanildas. Desmond Doyle made her a wonderfully considerate partner, acted breezily and danced his variation with attractive bouyancy. He reserved his best dancing, however, for a coruscating *coda*, when after a series of very fast *double tours* and a *manège* of finely sustained high *jétes en tournant*, he deservedly became the first Franz that I can remember ever to receive a round of applause from the audience at this point. I liked Helen Starr's Aurora and Brenda Taylor's Prayer, although it would take more than a little Bible-thumping to convert *that* renegade village to piety!

C. B.

Swan Lac

THERE are still one or two things which amuse me about Covent Garden programmes — the printed ones I mean — but surely nothing is more ridiculous than the Royal Ballet's curious habit of referring to *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden, but preferring the more homely and sensible *Swan Lake* when touring the wild and unenlightened Provinces. (Mass education has spread all over the country, you know, and the proportion of French-speakers among Mancunians and Liverpudlians is much the same as in the mighty metropolis.) As this is a Russian ballet with Russian music, and even a Russian title, it is difficult to see why Covent Garden should want to refer to it in French. Of course, perhaps they dance it in French — after all, they sing most of their operas in Italian or German!

However, right at the moment it is hardly tactful of Covent Garden or the Royal Ballet to remind us of France in connection with *Swan Lake*, for it might remind us that in Paris the Opéra, not normally renowned for its enterprise, have recently produced Bourmeister's version of the ballet, which is so infinitely superior to our own. Even so, our own Royal Ballet production is preferable in many respects to the Bolshoi production, and if the Bolshoi themselves — who, after all, actually live in the same town as Bourmeister — haven't the sense to take over Bourmeister's Stanislavsky Theatre production, I suppose one can hardly blame the Royal Ballet overmuch. But — and we have been saying this for years on end — these classical productions must be improved.

The first *Swan Lake* of the season came on January 11 with Nadia Nerina and Bryan Ashbridge. Partly perhaps because the second company had by now been in residence at Covent Garden for over a month, and partly because in any case *Swan Lake* has for some time been the best of this company's full-length offerings, the discrepancy between this group and the dollar-earners looked less than at any time previously.

There can be little doubt that although "integration" at less than senior soloist level has hardly been attempted, the two wings of the company are now far more equally balanced — chiefly through the sterling efforts of John Field and Henry Legerton. It is true, I think to a remarkable extent, that one now goes to Covent Garden without consciously thinking which company one is going to see — the Royal Ballet is the Royal Ballet is the Royal Ballet. Well, not quite, but at least at Covent Garden (and Covent Garden only, for standards of performances are markedly different in the harder conditions prevailing outside London) the difference is not so marked that anyone would want their money back.

Although Nadia Nerina had appeared a week earlier in *Cinderella*, this *Swan Lake* was effectively her welcome home performance after her successes in Russia and the United States. From her first entrance, swiftly followed by a series of grandly held swan-czarina *arabesques*, it was clear that something of the Bolshoi had rubbed off on to her transient feathers. Without adopting any obviously fake accent, she seems to have permitted the Russian style to have flavoured her own way of dancing, and this, on the whole, is all to the good. Now and again I was conscious that this was perhaps a portrayal in transition, and a few of the changes that she had felt impelled to make (changes more of nuance than of statement) had yet to be completely absorbed.

Her Odette was beautifully danced, with almost unnaturally high *développés*, and her customary ease of movement, together with a new (at least it looked new) pliancy to her back. Her Odile is a bird of another colour — flash, swanky and exultant. She zips off the 32 *fouettés* with the smooth, perfect power of a dynamo and her steel-sprung *échappés* shoot up like stars on a frosty night.

But, a small voice says inside me, what about her interpretation? And what about it, indeed! Her acting is good, and would look better were her ideas of make-up not so rudimentary. (She makes up worse than the average *corps de ballet* girl, which is saying a great deal, and it would be to her advantage to go to an outside make-up expert for advice. Short of professional advice, she might at least take the friendly hint that her face and neck need to be the same colour, and that the dusty pink and white look she at present affects is flattering only for Turkish delight.)

Having said that her acting is good and her make-up is bad, one is still left to discuss that nebulous thing — her interpretation. It is a very easy thing to say, as I propose to say, that Nerina misses some degree of involvement with the character and with the music. If I were asked to define more closely what I meant I could not even begin. *Fouettés* as clean as a whistle are objective facts, misty talk about involvement is the merest airing of an opinion. Whatever it is Nerina lacks, it stops her, in my view, from becoming a great dancer. Yet short of this final elect category (I suppose there are less than half a dozen *great* ballerinas in the world today) she remains a very satisfying dancer, and one defiantly and successfully bent on self-improvement. She has already gone so far, that I defy anyone to say where she will finally end.

Bryan Ashbridge is not perhaps one of nature's princes, his friendly, easy manner and air of *bonhomie* is ill-suited to court protocol. Despite this he acts with intelligence, and partners well, even though his lifting is not quite so effortless as the latest generation of Royal Ballet cavaliers has led us to expect. His dancing has an assertively masculine vigour, but misses a sort of heroic dimension that raises good male dancing to the level of the excellent. His series of *entrechats* interspersed with *double tours en l'air* are effective in the *coda*.

The rest of the company did well. Elaine Thomas and Doreen Wells both danced neatly in the *pas de trois*, but the over-exuberance of Donald Britton, despite the impressiveness of his elevation and multiple *pirouettes*, seemed misplaced in this classical *pas de trois*. Over-exuberance was perhaps also a fault of Christopher Gable, leading the *pas de six*, with the smooth-jumping Brenda Taylor. Gable has such a strong technique that he should not find it necessary to force the pace; his *entrechats*, incidentally, were disappointing. Better dancing came from Alan Beale and Robert Mead. Among the character *divertissements* in the third act, Johaar Mosaval and Kathleen Geldard (the latter appearing at short notice) were outstanding in the Neapolitan Dance, with Mosaval giving the most attractive and convincing performance of this since Alexander Grant. The Czardas was well led by Dorothea Zaymes and Terry Westmoreland and both the Spanish Dance and the Mazurka went well.

Of the purely mime rôles, Henry Legerton has developed into the most endearing and persuasive Wolfgang imaginable — what a really wonderful mime he is! Alexander Bennett makes a plausible Benno (why, I wonder, do we never see him as Siegfried?), but Gordon Aitken (an excellent character dancer in the right part) does little or nothing for Rothbart. Lorna Mossford sits on her throne with an icy disdain, greeting calamity with a disinterest that might be intended to pass for breeding.

For various reasons there is little to say about the other performances of *Swan Lake* over recent weeks. The most promising Covent Garden débuts by Doreen Wells and Christopher Gable on January 14, I will defer commenting upon until their Press show next month. Lynn Seymour, partnered by a brilliant Desmond Doyle, danced a strangely uneven Odette/Odile on January 19. Her Odette, particularly in her poignant last Act, was deeply felt and well-projected. However, even here her dancing had technical blemishes, and her Odile was frankly inadequately danced. Her technique still seems to lag behind her ever-developing artistry. In fairness, after this performance she was off with a foot injury, and this may well have affected her performance.

C. B.

Mixed bags remaindered

NADIA NERINA ought to be a natural for the tarlatan romanticism of Fokine's *Les Sylphides*. On January 17 when she re-appeared in the ballet after a lapse of some time, my hopes were high, but in the event unrealised. One might have expected a ballerina with Nerina's natural elevation to have jumped through the mazurka as if blown by the wind, yet she seemed almost earth-bound. The soft, poetic style she has so often shown (in some ways, in the past she has occasionally reminded me of films of Pavlova) seemed here nowhere in evidence. Nor was she helped by the rest of the company, whose accurately drilled lines and classical attack quite missed the Fokine spirit.

Things were far happier later in the programme, when Nerina came to dance the *Don Quixote pas de deux*. Here the ballerina was at her superb, breath-taking best. Perhaps for the *adagio* she has not got sufficiently sensational *équilibre* for total perfection ; but once having said that I cannot imagine this *pas de deux* being better danced by anyone in the Western world. She combined the panache of a circus dancer, with the ease, grace and vitality of a ballerina. Her sheer technical accomplishment and coruscating, dare-devil brilliance was heart-warming to watch. Bryan Ashbridge also excelled himself as her partner, although he was unable to match her style and virtuosity in the manner of a Blair.

Façade the same evening proved a mixture of good and bad. Anne Heaton made an amusing Debutante, more knowledgable than most, and looking perfectly able to cope with the brash, saloon-bar assurance of Donald Britton's Dago. Rosemary Lindsay, seeming perpetually surprised by the choreography, and wearing her boater with an air of slightly tipsy happiness, proved as enchanting as ever in the Polka. The rest of the cast were less satisfactory, although the production is not quite so vulgar as it was a short time ago. In any case, nowadays I find *Façade* is a joke that has worn thin, and I do not think that the dancers are entirely to blame.

Pirmin Trecu — the subject of our Personality of the Month — is one of those rare artists who seem to bring individuality and distinction to almost everything they do, and the performance of *La Fête Etrange* on January 27 was particularly sad in marking the farewell to a dancer who in many ways will prove irreplaceable. (Certainly his departure, coupled with that of Peter Clegg last season, has left a gaping gap in the ranks of the company's senior *demi-caractère* dancers which it will be extremely difficult to fill.)

Ironically, Trecu seemed to be dancing as well as ever, and equally ironically, yet rather more sadly, the performance as a whole was not worthy of him. Anne Heaton seems nowadays to have completely lost touch with the rôle of the Chatêlaine, lacking the tender quality it needs and giving the part something of a stagey air, far removed from adolescent yearning. Alexander Bennett was equally over-emphatic as the bridegroom, and the rest of the cast failed to capture the evanescent atmosphere of Andrée Howard's poetry.

Preceding *La Fête Etrange* on the programme was MacMillan's *Solitaire,* a work this company understands and gives exceedingly well. Elizabeth Anderton is attractive as the solitary Girl, although not in the class of Margaret Hill and the very different Lynn Seymour. Good performances also came from the three boys, Terry Westmoreland (much improved in Britton's rôle since he first assumed it last summer), Christopher Gable and Desmond Doyle. The newcomer to the cast was Doreen Wells as the Polka Girl. She danced it perkily, yet without that marvellous sense of zany chic that Sara Neil used to bring to it.

The *Don Quixote Pas de Deux* that night should have been danced by Lynn Seymour and Donald Britton, but owing to Seymour's injury, Doreen Wells deputised for her at very short notice. It was a creditable performance, lacking something in finesse and substituting sparkle for glitter. Her arms, in particular, missed out on the grand manner that is so important in this piece of choreographic flummery. Nevertheless, she had moments of genuine brilliance and her personality filled the stage. Donald Britton was rather untidier than usual, and his performance may perhaps be described as quixotic.

If the *Don Quixote Pas de Deux* provided a test for Wells, an even sterner test was in store for her when on January 31 she had to dance Seymour's rôle in *The Invitation,* with only three days of intensive rehearsal. As I said last month I find a great deal to admire in MacMillan's new ballet, which is not altogether surprising as I have always been among this choreographer's most consistent admirers. I must admit, however, that I did not regard the ballet as a masterpiece, and, by now, quite a number of friends and colleagues have taken me aside to tell me the error of my ways. Nevertheless, although I have now seen *The Invitation* quite a number of times, my praise still remains as qualified as ever.

Curiously, most of the ballet's most heart-felt advocates felt nervous at the rôle of the Young Girl being entrusted to anyone but Seymour. I, on the other hand, had far fewer doubts. Last month I wrote that "almost everything MacMillan has created for the Young Girl is, without any reservation whatsoever, beautiful, evocative and supremely sensitive", and I failed to see why it should prove otherwise whoever danced the rôle. Whatever faults *The Invitation* may, or may not have, those faults are certainly nothing to do with the rôle of the Young Girl, and what provided a wonderful opportunity for Seymour is also potentially a wonderful opportunity for anyone else who may dance it.

Naturally no one (at least no one on the present horizon) will be as good in the ballet as Seymour herself. The part was tailored to her, emotionally and physically. No one else could quite capture that certain sideways lilt of her shoulders, MacMillan uses so naturally in the first scene, and this is just one example of the way in which her physique is embedded in the choreography. For all this, Doreen Wells made a good shot at the part, and for myself I felt the ballet itself was neither better nor worse for her presence.

Wells had less of a presentiment of doom about her than Seymour, less innocence and more awareness. In a certain sense this was dramatically more sound (conventionally speaking she looked more the girl to inflame a guilty passion than the more complex adolescent sexuality presented by Seymour) but in the particular context of the ballet it proved less convincing. Her best scene was at the children's party, her worst was the rape — which, incidentally, was the only place where the choreography seemed to give her difficulty. Also, Wells was unable to get under the skin of the part in the remarkable way Seymour does. The audience deservedly gave Wells a tumultuous reception, and she fully deserved it. She was as good as, say, Gemze de Lappe in Nora Kaye's part in *Fall River Legend* — and no one, I fancy, is likely to be much better. Having seen *The Invitation* more often now, the whole ballet, incidentally, reminds me of *Fall River Legend* in its style and manner, although choreographically it is, of course, infinitely superior.

On February 4, Barbara Remington made her Covent Garden début in *Les Sylphides*. She showed a respectable understanding of the Fokine style, jumped quite well in her solo mazurka, and used her arms with particular eloquence. She seems a promising, but as yet somewhat unformed dancer. She was well partnered by Alexander Bennett who danced with the mixture of grace and virility the rôle calls for, usually in vain.

At the matinée performance the programme ended with *Sweeney Todd,* with Kathleen Geldard dancing Johanna. It was an attractively danced portrayal, although I missed Elizabeth Anderton's wit and sense of period style. Of the ballet itself, the less said the better, even though it is now generally better danced than before, and some of the more enterprising among the Keystone Cops have choreographed quite important rôles for themselves. Adrian Grater's make-up is outstandingly successful. **C. B.**

NEW RECORDS

continued from page 23

for everyone who cares at all about ballet. If you can't afford all three records at once, start with Act 3 on MMA 11115, which includes the greatest amount of unfamiliar music.

The Pye edition was on four discs; by managing to accommodate the performance on three records and at the same time improving the quality of the sound, Mercury have performed a valuable service.

Fun and Games

Bizet : *Jeux d'Enfants.* Ibert : *Divertissement.* Saint-Saëns : *Danse Macabre. Le Rouet d'Omphale.* Paris Conservatoire Orchestration (Jean Martinon). Decca LXT 5612; Stereo SXL 2252. 12 in. *39s. 9d.*

A DIVERTING programme of French music, stylishly played and vividly recorded. Bizet's *Petite Suite* consists of orchestrations of five of his 12 short pieces for piano duet, each depicting a toy or game. Massine's ballet of the same name to *Jeux d'Enfants* (which would surely be well worth revival) made use of all the music in the Suite and most of the piano pieces, specially orchestrated for the ballet.

Ibert's popular *Divertissement,* taken from his incidental music for the comedy *Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie,* served as the accompaniment for Ruth Page's *Impromptu au Bois,* a ballet which caught something of Ibert's snook-cocking, racy vulgarity, if nothing of his wit and lightness of touch.

Martinon makes little attempt to characterise *Omphale's Spinning Wheel* and *Danse Macabre,* but this hardly matters, for the effect is captivating, which is obviously all that Saint-Saëns was really concerned about.

The *Divertissement* is available separately, by the way, on a 7-inch : CEP 681 or Stereo SEC 5081.

TOKYO 1961

ONE of the most surprising things about *Tokyo 1961,* which opened at the Coliseum on January 28, was the surprise expressed by some critics that this was not the kind of entertainment they expected. When about 60 beautiful dancing girls are announced then I think I know just what to expect — but perhaps I have lived too

long. Anyway, this spectacle from the Nichigeki Theatre in Tokyo contained no surprises drifting aimiably along with its complement of production dance numbers, of singing stars, of dramatic scenes, of "girlie" routines intermingled with variety turns. The American influence was particularly strong but then what revue, anywhere in the world since World War I, has not been influenced by Broadway? Even those cellar revues, which we fondly think are something indigenous to these islands, all have a strong transatlantic slant.

The most serious fault in the whole business was a certain lack of construction, and construction in revue is as complex as in the most highly polished comedy of manner. Anybody who can remember the brilliant revues of Charles Cochran or André Charlot will realise that the content of these shows is of far less importance than the manner in which the whole is welded together — the juxtaposition of the various numbers mounting gradually to the finale of the first half, then continuing to mount to the ultimate finale. Another vitally important factor in revue construction is the build-up to the entrance of the various stars. Now *Tokyo 1961* had three stars — Mitsuko Sawamura (a charming cuddly 19-year-old singer who sang, amongst other numbers, "My Funny Valentine"), Yoshiaki Takei (billed as "Tokyo's peak vocal heart-throb") and Misa Kamijo (billed as "Eastern sex symbol and winner of the 1960 Critics Award for talented versatility") — but these three people hardly stood out from the rest and it was not until the end that we were really aware of the fact that they were topping the bill.

The outstanding numbers in the whole show were neither dancers nor singers but a juggling trio, the Kagami Family, who wore gorgeous costumes and did ravishing juggling acts with balls, vases and tea cups, one of them balanced pointed knives on his tongue — and a comedy car ride. In this two comedians, Hidetoshi Nohmi and Shunji Fujimura, went on a hair-raising drive through the Japanese mountains. With its Cinerama back-projection of the beautiful country around Tokyo it became so realistic that some members of the audience started to feel unwell — even so, they enjoyed the experience.

It was dance that bound the whole production together from the charming, rather static, movements of the Cherry Blossom Festival in the opening number to the lithe crisp movements of modern dance technique in numbers inspired by the Jerome Robbins school. In all the numbers depicting typical Japanese scenes — the aforementioned Cherry Blossom Festival, a Samurai dance for six boys, a Harvest Festival, a delightful folk dance from Shikoku Island (shown against Hokusai's most famous print, *The Great Wave of Kanazawa,* mingled with a film of real waves) and a Chrysanthemum Festival — the dances were based on Japanese classical technique or folklore. Though simplified and "arranged" from a production point of view the steps were quite genuine and not influenced by America. Two numbers were based on Russian classics — one being an amusing jazzed-up version of *Swan Lake* in which Odette became a night club dancer, Von Rothbart a night club manager who tried to separate her from the pure love of the Prince who had become, presumably, a civil servant. The swans appeared to be Teddy girls or prostitutes in the pay of the night club manager. It was an amusing idea which had a genuine sense of comedy in the "cygnets" dance, though the *adage* (for Elichi Hatori and Miyoko Kawato) was rather too like the original to carry the joke along. It needed to be tightened up all round to realise the full impact of such an idea.

In the second part of the programme three couples and a large *corps* of girls gave a "Radio City Music Hall" version of the *Don Quixote Pas de Deux.* It was very well arranged in a music hall scena genre though possibly upsetting for those who might have a reverence, which I haven't, for this absurdly flashy *pas de deux.* The main trouble on this occasion was that the actual dancing was not quite good enough, specially on the male side. But if the classical technique was rudimentary, the sense of time and rhythm in all the dancing was splendid and this was particularly noticeable in a large-scale Rockettes routine for about sixty girls and in some brilliant tap dancing by the Nakano brothers who bore a strong resemblance to the Nicholas brothers of "Blackbirds" fame.

The costumes all through were beautiful and it was a pity that they were shown against settings which, with two or three notable exceptions, were disappointingly crude and more like scenes from a traditional "Aladdin" pantomime.

Taken by and large *Tokyo 1961* made agreeable after-dinner entertainment which taxed neither the brain nor the emotions, but if we are to have *Tokyos 1962, 3, 4, 5, and 6* then I would humbly suggest that all Western numbers such as "My Funny Valentine" and "Falling Leaves" are eliminated, the songs which emanate from Japan are charming enough on their own without any Western aid. **P. W.**

MAGIC LANTERN

A FEW months ago in *Dance and Dancers* we had an article on ballet in Czechoslovakia which mentioned a new idea for mixing dance with a form of

TOKYO 1961: *Two scenes from the Japanese revue at the London Coliseum. Above right, some of the* corps de ballet *in a version of* Don Quixote. *Bottom right, the girls of the* corps de ballet *in a traditional Cherry Blossom Festival number.*

cinema presentation. It sounded as though the experiment had great possibilities for future ballet presentation. Now that I have seen this show — *Magic Lantern* at the Saville Theatre — I am not so sure. The possibilities are still there but what has been achieved with this montage of various sized cinema screens and live dancers does not add up to an evening's entertainment on its own.

As it stands the presence of live dancers is more of a hindrance than anything else but this may have been more due to the unsuitable backgrounds against which they were shown. As it was dancers seemed to be continually casting black shadows on backgrounds mainly concerned with industry or athletic displays. And the whole presentation was far too naïve, being interrupted incessantly by a Commère who carried on conversations with film reproductions of herself speaking in different languages from either side of the stage.

Using a wide screen at the back with, or without several other screens of various shapes which moved in from the wings, the image was continuously being broken up in a most irritating way so that the stage looked like those "clever" layouts in glossy American magazines — some beautiful shot of Prague were quite ruined in this manner. In front of all this the live artists and various properties were brought on by the use of three sliding stages and I am at a loss to know quite what purpose it all served.

There were two interesting trick ideas. In *Circular Screen Dance*, a ballerina who had been appearing on the big wide screen was suddenly caught in a miniature on a small circular screen held by a male dancer down stage. In *Interrupted Rendezvous* the characters from an early movie comedy were transported in a wardrobe to another screen where an operatic performance of Verdi's *Otello* was taking place — eventually all the characters got involved in a pillow fight from screen to screen — and the effect was hilariously funny.

Frankly, the whole show was more of interest to theatre technicians — some of the tricks could well be employed in ballets where magic is needed — than to the general public. Even so, the idea could have a future. Imagine, for instance, a ballet by Robbins or MacMillan with a moving melting background designed by, say, Picasso or an abstract-non-objective-expressionist such as Jackson Pollock and possibly we might be on a new path for ballet and its designers. This is a vision with possibilities and I think that the devisers of this entertainment will have to have equal vision before showing their *Magic Lantern* again to the Western European countries. I am surprised that Wendy Toye, usually one of the most "aware" producers, was not more aware of the requirements of a British audience before preparing this show for a London public.

P. W.

Dance and Dancers . . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

AT the Opéra-Comique rehearsals are continuing for *La Belle de Paris*, with music by Georges Van Parys. The Beauty of the period (c. 1880) will be danced by Claude Bessy partnered by Jacques Chazot. The latter is contemplating the production of a half-hour work based on an idea of Françoise Sagan's and titled *Le temps d'un regard*. The music will be borrowed from Smetana.

AS a result of the Belgian rail strike, the Netherlands Ballet was unable to appear in Paris on January 7.

FROM January 18-25, Rosella Hightower and Alexandre Kalioujny danced the "Black Swan" *pas de deux* and the Britten/Taras *Soirée musicale* at the Amsterdam Opera.

THE René Blum prize has been awarded to Régine Boury, a former member of Babilée's company.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

HUROK HONOURED BY CROWN

DURING mid-December, the British Embassy in Washington announced Queen Elizabeth II had granted the award of Honorary Commander of the Order of the British Empire to impresario Sol Hurok, who arranged the recent and all former tours of the Royal Ballet to America and Canada. In addition, of course, Hurok was responsible for the U.S. presentations of the Old Vic, the Edinburgh Music Festival's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Royal Tattoo, as well as many units of bands and Highland dancers of the Scottish Regiment and the Royal Brigade of Guards.

VYROUBOVA'S RETURN: After damaging her foot, Nina Vyroubova returned to the de Cuevas company on December 16. Here she is seen as Princess Aurora in the first act of The Sleeping Beauty, *surrounded by suitors.* *Photo: Lido.*

RUTH ST. DENIS RECEIVES CAPEZIO AWARD

THE tenth annual Capezio Award was presented to Ruth St. Denis at a luncheon given in her honour on January 10 in the roof-top restaurant of the Hotel St. Regis. This honour carries with it a $1000 cash grant.

Martha Graham, who began her dance career in the Denishawn School and then was soloist in the Denishawn Company, and was herself the recipient of last year's Capezio Award, read the citation by the committee for the Capezio Dance Award: "To Ruth St. Denis, a professional dancer for more than 65 years, as she approaches the 55th anniversary of her historic début as a theatre-dance innovator, for her continuing service to dance in America, as the source from which so many theatre forms and so many dancers have sprung, as an inspiration to those who would adventure as she has done and as a symbol, respected abroad and loved at home, of unflagging and enthusiastic dedication to dance whether it is found in a vaudeville house or concert hall, in the theatre or in a church."

The committee for the Capezio Dance Award was comprised of Anatole Chujoy, Editor and critic, *Dance News;* Emily Coleman, dance editor and critic, *Newsweek*; Martha Hill, Director of the Dance Department, Juilliard School of Music; and Walter Terry, dance editor and critic, *New York Herald-Tribune.*

GRAHAM COMMISSIONS NEW WORKS

IN anticipation of her forthcoming April season in New York, Martha Graham has commissioned two musicians to create the scores for two of her new works, as yet untitled. One will be by Halim El-Dabh, who was responsible for the score for Graham's historic *Clytemnestra.* The other scores will be by Robert Starer, originally from Vienna and recently from Israel, who is currently teaching composition at the Juilliard School of Music in New York.

NEW STARS IN PARIS: Left, Jacqueline Rayet and Claire Motte who have recently been promoted to étoile *status at the Paris Opéra. Right, Jean Babilée, always a star but now starting to shine in a new field, is seen with Marie José Nat in a new film—* Amelie où le temps d'Aimer. *Photos: Lido.*

THE ROYAL BALLET TRIUMPHS AGAIN

BY all odds, the outstanding event of the first month of 1961 in New York was the return of The Royal Ballet to the Metropolitan House on Sunday, January 29, in two performances of their matchless new production of *Giselle*. As might be expected, both performances were sold out to standing-room capacity. What might not have been expected, however, was the vitality, verve and freshness with which the entire company danced. Indeed, to judge by all appearances, it was more like a première than a "farewell" before their soon-to-be-hoped-for return visit.

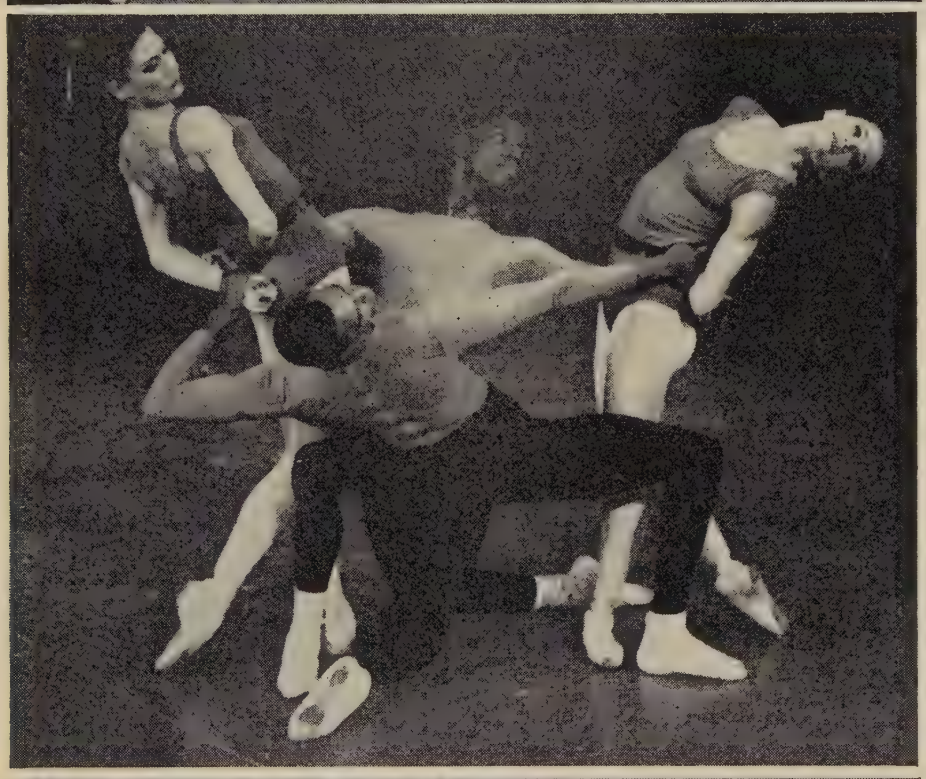
As Svetlana Beriosova is one of New York's favourite visiting ballerinas, there was considerable interest in viewing her first performance here of *Giselle* and she danced it very beautifully indeed, particularly in the second act, where her gracious, flowing line and lyricism showed off to marvellous advantage. Young Donald MacLeary, who, as yet, has not set audiences on fire, nevertheless showed a marked improvement in style and partnering and he made a very pleasant, if youthful, Albrecht. Annette Page and Graham Usher stopped the performance at the afternoon showing in the Peasant *pas de deux* and Christine Beckley was icily brilliant as Myrtha. In both afternoon and evening performances Gerd Larsen, as Berthe, and Leslie Edwards, as Hilarion, were particularly noteworthy in their rôles that have been considerably enlarged, to the advantage of the entire ballet, in this present production supervised and with additional choreography by Frederick Ashton in collaboration with Tamara Karsavina. According to Ivor Guest's programme note, "Berthe's recounting of the legend of the Wilis in act one was reproduced by Karsavina". And what a superb piece of mime this is! Obviously, any contemporary ballet company that is wise enough to call on Madame Karsavina's valuable services is in an enviable position.

LEADING MALE AT THE MET.: Bruce Marks, principal male dancer at the Metropolitan Opera House in Tudor's Alcestis. *Photo: Louis Melancon.*

For the evening performance Maryon Lane and the high-soaring Brian Shaw gave a magnificent account of themselves in the Peasant *pas de deux* and Anya Linden, as Myrtha, gave one of her most noteworthy performances yet witnessed in New York. The *corps de ballet* danced both acts at both performances in a way that has heretofore been unequalled in New York in the last twenty-five years. Most importantly, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes gave a performance of such soaring perfection that it will never be forgotten by those that witnessed it. For this observer, this evening was one of the six most majestic moments of ballet in the last quarter of a century. Now, indeed, it will be interesting to learn if London audiences greet this present-day masterpiece with the roars of approval that were bestowed upon it by a discriminating New York audience.

MORE THAN ENOUGH JAZZ AT N.Y. CITY BALLET

WHAT sounded both promising and provocative in advance reports — George Balanchine's *Modern Jazz: Variants*, to music by Gunther Schuller (commissioned by the New York City Ballet, 1960) and with the Modern Jazz Quartet as guest artists — was more interesting aurally than visually. Obviously, this was not Balanchine's fault. Rather, it appears to me, this type of "art" jazz music fulfills its function just if it is listened to as "mood" music, as it were. And, it must



be added, Schuller came up with a very interesting score but one that might well be choreographed in an entirely different manner by, say, Martha Graham or Jerome Robbins.

Naturally, there is nothing that George Balanchine touches that is not of note and, in all fairness, it must be added that there was some considerable choreographic interest in designs he patterned for Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, and their two negro partners, Arthur Mitchell and John Jones, the latter a guest dancer who will be remembered from Jerome Robbins's *Ballets: U.S.A.* However, it was disconcerting to have the Modern Jazz Quartet hard at work on one side of the stage and still be able to concentrate on the dancers. Furthermore, Balanchine's movements built on this modern jazz seemed of considerably less artistic merit than the pioneering movement he unveiled previously in *Episodes* and *Agon.* What's more, the company's multi-coloured leotards, aside from bringing back memories of Jerome Robbins's *Facsimile,* were distracting as was David Hays's metallic back-cloth, used previously in *Episodes,* but this time rimmed rather inappropriately in red velvet. As John Martin wrote in *The New York Times,* "Just possibly we have had enough jazz for one season." Frankly, I'll take *Liebeslieder Walzer* anytime and I would happily settle to see it once a week for the next year.

STILL MORE JAZZ WITH AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

APPARENTLY, still more jazz is in store for New York audiences later in the season when American Ballet Theatre brings its new ballet, *Points on Jazz* to town during its projected April engagement. Choreographed by Dania Krupska, a former assistant to Agnes de Mille, and with a score by jazz man Dave Brubeck, this work features Scott Douglas with some of the new members of the company. After its première on its road tour in Hartford, Connecticut, George Stowe, writing in *The Hartford Times,* had this to say, in part, about it: "Mr. Brubeck's happy combination of lyric and jazz elements was reminiscent of Gershwin . . . If the choreography of Dania Krupska has some *clichés* in it, there were many moments . . . when she has been more than ordinarily inspired." Well, we can only wait and see.

MARTHA AT THE MET.

ONE of the most disastrous choreographic debuts in this reviewer's more than 28 years of viewing opera ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House occurred when the young and, apparently, inexperienced Thomas Andrew, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet Company, was given free reign to choreograph the dances for the Met.'s new production of *Martha,* with sets by Oliver Smith and costumes by Motley.

In the first scene, Thomas Andrew devised a vulgar and inept semi-striptease dance that included two of the principal singers in a cheap manner that was both inappropriate but also completely out of keeping with the character and spirit of this opera. Later on, in a dreary peasant dance he proved that some choreographers

MODERN JAZZ: VARIANTS: *Three scenes, left, from George Balanchine's new jazz ballet for the New York City company. The four principals in the pictures are Melissa Hayden, Diana Adams, Arthur Mitchell and John Jones. Photos: Fred Fehl.*

DAN WAGONER, of Martha Graham's company, who scored such a personal success when he recently appeared with the Paul Taylor group at Hunter Playhouse. Photo: George Montgomery.

still haven't mastered the kind of lilting lifts that have long been a trade mark with Agnes de Mille. Fortunately for the dancers concerned in this maelstrom, they were not given programme listing so they, at least, will not go down in history as having been caught in such a dance disaster at the Met. What baffles one most, however, is why Antony Tudor, who composes with wit and brilliance, or Alexandra Danilova, who has been readily available and could have provided charm, chic and elegance, were not given the opportunity to supply the dances for this, one of the Met.'s most expensive revivals.

RAMBERT IN NEW YORK

JUST prior to Christmas, Marie Rambert, Founder-Director of Ballet Rambert, arrived in New York City for a week's visit prior to spending the holidays with Mrs. Donald Dunn (Lulu Dukes), her daughter, and her grand-children in Trinidad, B.W.I. Coming in the wake of a 10-inch snowfall didn't upset her one bit. As a matter of fact, she literally turned the New York dance world upside down and inside out for a week. In addition to attending the première of Antony Tudor's *Tannhauser* and viewing a performance of this choreographer's *Alcestis* from Rudolf Bing's box, she also attended four performances of the New York City Ballet, viewed classes at the School of American Ballet and Martha Graham's School of Contemporary Dance. When not otherwise engaged, she caught up on old and new acquaintances in New York and, incidentally, made the town seem more festive than it has been in seasons.

MALE CHOREOGRAPHERS

CONTEMPORARY Dance Productions provided an extremely interesting evening of works choreographed and danced by three rising figures in the modern dance field — Jack Moore, Jeff Duncan and Norman Walker. By far the most noteworthy was the work of Jack Moore, whose group appeared in *Intaglios* (a design or figure carved below the surface: opposed to cameo) and in his self-choreographed *Songs Remembered,* a duet he danced with Nancy Lewis to Berg's music. Norman Walker's *Baroque Concerto,* to a Vivaldi score, seemed more balletic than modern dance and its executants seemed lacking in the proper style and technique. Jeff Duncan, who, at the moment, is a more interesting dancer than a choreographer, used a group of six in a charming pastorale *Outdoors Suite,* and then went on to prove what a remarkable dancer he was in a solo, *Terrestrial Figure,* to Wallingford Riegger's music. Norman Walker's *Variations from Day to Day,* to music by Brahms (how these young modern dancers are going back to the classics these days!) completed this programme, which played to a sold-out and cheering capacity audience at the YM-YHWA.

NEW MUSICAL ON BROADWAY

THE CONQUERING HERO, which lasted for only seven performances on Broadway, was originally choreographed and directed by Robert Fosse. When this musical ran into book trouble on the road, Fosse was replaced by Albert Marre as director and Todd Bolender as choreographer. Nonetheless, according to dancers in the show, all of the dances that remained in the production for New York, save Mr. Bolender's rather listless staging of

JACK MOORE (above), young dancer-choreographer, who made a hit in the recent Contemporary Dance Productions programme at YM-YWHA.

POINTS ON JAZZ *(below): Fern MacLarnon, Scott Douglas and Elizabeth Carroll in Dania Krupska's new jazz work (Dave Brubeck music) for American Ballet Theatre.*

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the first song number, were by Robert Fosse and were remarkably fine. Had the title rôle been re-cast (it was played by Tom Posten, a television personality) and given another week of re-writing, this musical version of Preston Sturges's film, *Hail, the Conquering Hero,* might well have been one of the delights of the season. As it was, however, it still remains considerably superior to two or three lesser musicals that have been widely hailed and are now great commercial successes.

PAUL TAYLOR AND DANCE COMPANY

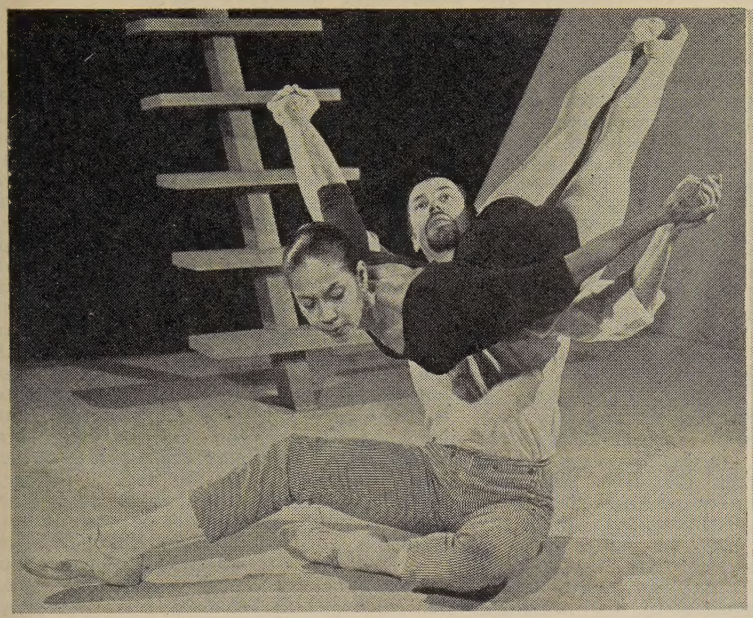
PAUL TAYLOR, always a superb dancer when he appears with Martha Graham's Company, accompanied by Akiko Kanda and Dan Wagoner, also regular members of Graham's Company, mounted a programme of five works choreographed by himself recently at Hunter Playhouse. Playing to a capacity attendance of one of the most distinguished audiences of the season (violinist Isaac Stern had to be satisfied with standing room), Paul Taylor presented works with such telling titles as *The Least Flycatcher, Tablet, 3 Epitaphs, Meridian* and *Fibers* (the latter commissioned by Ballet Society had one of the most beautiful tree-like growths I've ever seen on stage and it was designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian) that had no meaning for me. Granted, I can and will enjoy and respect Taylor's technique and movement dynamics, but I couldn't for the life of me decipher what one of these works was about.

I was, however, impressed by the lyrically balletic movements of Akiko Kanda while the remarkably gifted Dan Wagoner struck me as the only participant of the little company of six that gave dramatic conviction and a romantic, though decidedly masculine, sense of style to everything he danced. When dancers, however, choose to cover their faces for the most part in gauze or masks, they lose me completely, especially when they appear to be playing plotless charades. Ruth St. Denis, who was on hand at the beginning of the programme, caused the sensation of the evening by making her exit at the first intermission. The balance of the audience, however, gave Paul Taylor and his excellent dancers a rousing ovation at the conclusion of the programme.

BALLET BALLADS 13 YEARS LATER

ONE of the lyric theatre delights in New York back in 1948 was the production of the Jerome Moross-John Latouche three-part *Ballet Ballads* as then choreographed by Hanya Holm, Katherine Litz and Paul Godkin. In its new revival, the delightful *Susannah and the Elders,* choreographed by Litz, has been replaced by a rather pointless *Riding Hood Revisited,* which, as choreographed by Mavis Ray, provides Veronika Mlakar with a "Giselle"-like approach to the name rôle. John Butler's *Willie the Weeper,* which seemed over-choreographed and full of television dance *clichés* was most notable for the spirited dancing of Carmen de Lavallade and Glen Tetley, temporarily on loan from American Ballet Theatre. Though its song and script possibilities were not fully realised, *The Eccentricities of Davy Crockett* was easily the high point of the evening. Glen Tetley, its choreographer, obviously should be encouraged to choreograph more, and soon, but one

THE PAUL TAYLOR DANCE CONCERT: Paul Taylor, previously a member of Martha Graham's company, with Akiko Kanda in Tablet *which was one of the five works given by this group at Hunter Playhouse.*



hopes that next time he will have a truly balanced and gifted dance *ensemble* that is worthy of his talents.

MORE AVANT-GARDE DANCE

ALWIN NIKOLAIS, director of the Dance Department of the Henry Street Playhouse, has presented a series of nine performances of his new theatre-dance work, *Nimbus*, with his dance company assisted by Murray Louis in choreography to a new sound score, composed by Mr. Nikolais, and with colour designs by George Constant.

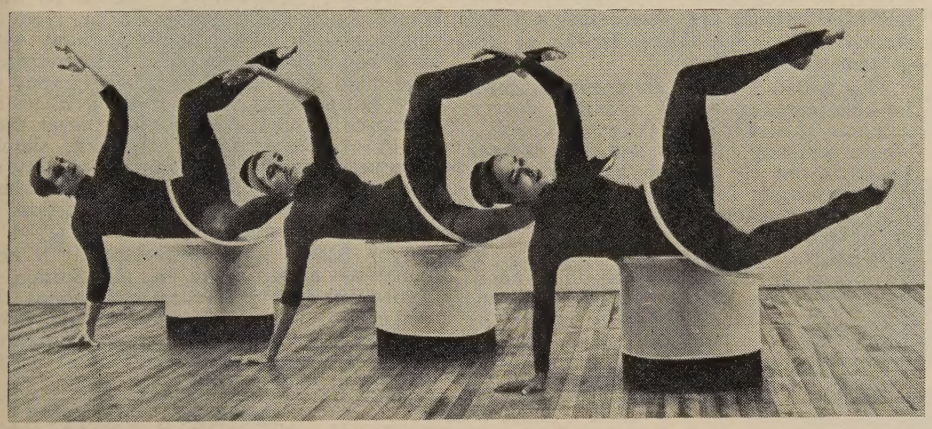
COMING DANCE EVENTS

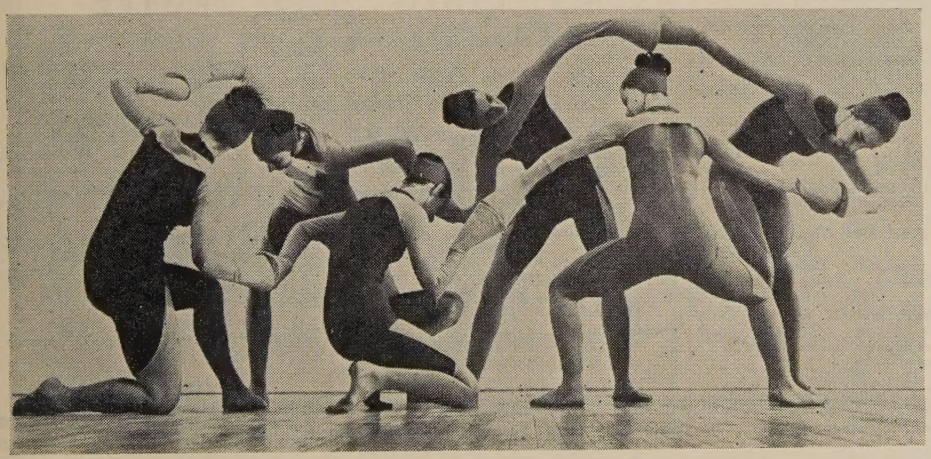
THE New York City Ballet's Spring season is slated for March 13 through April 9. American National Ballet Theatre plans a New York season from April 11 through April 22 at a theatre not yet selected. Sol Hurok brings the Moiseyev Dancers to the Metropolitan Opera House for three weeks, starting April 18, and Martha Graham plans a Spring season with two new works prior to May, when she takes her company to Israel.

Arthur Todd.

WILLY THE WEEPER *(above left): Carmen Lavallade and Glen Tetley in one of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross ballets given in the revival of Ballet Ballads. Photo : Friedman-Abeles.*

NIMBUS *(above and below): Three pictures from* Nimbus, *one of the works given by the Alwin Nikolais Avant-Garde Dance Company. Murray Louis and Gladys Balin are seen in the picture above. Photos : Carl Shiraishi.*





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HARRAP

SWAN LAKE IN PARIS

continued from page 9.

pas de quatre which features difficult *variations* and *pas de deux:* Rayet is especially good; she dances with charm and an ease which is almost too effortless. Christiane Bassi affirms herself as the outstanding hope of the new generation, and Léone Mail gives a beautifully authoritative characterisation as the Princess-Mother. Descombey and Bari share the lively rôle of the Jester, and Bozzoni and Blanc the mime rôle of Rothbart. In fact, we would need to list too many names and will have to be content with giving just praise to the perfect cohesion of the company, to the quality of the *ports de bras,* to the liveliness which animates the groupings of peasant girls, princesses and noblemen, and, finally, to the four cygnets danced with youthful mastery by four *rats.* Let us hope that this very lovely production will not deteriorate with time.

Dimitri Bouchène's décors rather lack originality and have little to rivet the eye. Some of his costumes are beautiful, notably those for the swans, for Siegfried and for Rothbart's suite: others such as those for the Neapolitans are more questionable.

NEW WORK IN LENINGRAD

continued from page 15.

with an excellent school. The character created by her remains nameless and appears but briefly, yet leaves an impression of great tragedy, compassion and plastically sharp line in harmony with the general choreographic style of this act. The girl is helpless in her attempts at saving the young Soviet fisherman. He is marched away by the patrol.

The next scene is in prison. Here the choreography is also symbolical and intensely dramatic. The effect is produced first of all by the décor. There is none, as a matter of fact. Prison is symbolised by huge exaggerated bars, forming a front-drop. On the proscenium throughout the prison scene stands a patrol of four men, legs apart, immobile and menacing. The only other detail reminiscent of prison is a very high window.

The hero is first tormented by his captors (a highly stylised dance, in which he is never touched) and then cajoled and enticed. A sinuous creature in black (a mime rôle brilliantly created by L. Miachin) clings and coils himself around the hero like a snake, and then the scene suddenly breaks out into temptation on a grand scale. The décor melts away (V. Dorrer used here a method of fade-in borrowed from the films) into a fantastic scene looking at one and the same time like a glorified rock 'n' roll and Walpurgis Night in a contemporary idiom. In reality the scene actually takes place in a sort of bar or restaurant. Waiters rush around offering drinks, red-headed beauties entice the hero with languorous dances, but all this, while real, is given the nature of a phantasmagoria. One powerful thrust and the hero has shaken off the Enticer, as a leach together with his beauties.

Again the hero finds himself alone on the prison floor. Visions of his country and his friends come to him. The sea-gull theme is heard in the orchestra, and the white birds — symbols of his thoughts and aspirations, symbols of his motherland, fly into the prison, the walls of which have suddenly become transparent. His Beloved comes with the sea-gulls on wings of love. A long dance follows. Thoughts or dreams of his motherland and his love endow the hero with renewed energy. He makes an effort, raises his arms, as if attempting to break the walls and soar like an eagle — and we see how the prison walls melt and disappear, and the hero is already — it does not matter how — treading his own soil. His feet sink in the wet sand of his own coast, he is exhausted, but, greeted by the sea-gulls, he walks onward with a happy face straight on to the proscenium to face the audience — his people to whom he has returned.

The protagonists of the ballet are played by two casts. Askold Makarov and Alexander Gribov as the Soviet fisherman are equally good and athletic — suffice it to say that Makarov also performs the part of Spartacus. Gribov, however, succeeds in creating a more subtle psychological pattern and therefore his hero is spiritually stronger. The part of the heroine is more difficult because the choreographer provided her with very little characterisation. Bearing this in mind one cannot fail to praise both Alla Osipenko and Irina Kolpakova — the first reserved, but with a strong and determined will, the second softer and more lyrical as the fisherman's sweetheart.

This ballet, I repeat emphatically, could be interpreted only by excellent dancer-actors. The Kirov theatre possesses a whole company of such and it is difficult to single out the best in the cast. Take, for instance, A. Livshits, Y. Umrikhin and A. Gridin creating three entirely different individual characters of fishermen from "the other coast", or T. Udalenkova, K. Fedicheva, I. Bazhenova and G. Ivanova in the two casts of the "Supplication" and "Despair" variations. In view of all this I do not consider the main criticism directed against this ballet by representatives of the older generations — that the high standard of dancing will decline if such a type of choreography prevails — to be sufficiently justified.

No doubt other new ballets will appear in time where there will be a greater display of virtuosity coupled with excellent acting. But there is a place for more than one style of choreography and more than one *genre* of ballets. *Coast of Hope* is a romantic poem of heroism. Yet Yuri Slonimsky himself wrote the scenario of another ballet, *The Path of Thunder,* possessing a strongly dramatic detailed plot with three-dimensional characters, and the ballet produced by Konstantin Sergeyev after that book is also excellent. It is said that *Coast of Hope* is too generalised and far removed from actual life. Indeed, it is symbolical and we do not know enough its characters, particularly the girls. But is it so far removed from life? Igor Belsky said that in creating his hero he had in mind the story of the tenacious crew of the oil tanker *Tuapse.*

Perhaps it is best to quote here Igor Belsky himself, who wrote to this author about his work on *Coast of Hope:* "Ballet is a poetic art. It reflects life through the sphere of poetic imagery and emotional, not through the banality of everyday movements. This principle is the foundation of the production as a whole and of each and every character in particular. I wanted to create simple living people — men in the street, who are like you or me. But these people are endowed with a great inner force. They love to the last breath! They are friends for good! They are true forever!

"I am firmly convinced that ballet is an independent art form capable of conveying content through its own purely choreographic means — dance is the most important of these, while dance *recitative,* or, in other words, mime firmly wedded to the music, complements it. In *Coast of Hope* I endeavoured to devise its own dance idiom for each group or type of characters, an idiom in full harmony with their national and emotional characteristics. The main principle of my choreography in this ballet were: (1) Everything is to be conveyed through dance that is *never* used in *divertissement* form. (2) There should be musical and choreographic continuity of action — not a single episode or dance may be separated from this production as an isolated number."

Igor Belsky is now working at a new ballet — to be ready by the Spring — again with young dancers and about the young! to the music of Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony. A new choreographer has been born from the very midst of the Leningrad ballet.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET

at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden

February
20 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Ashbridge), *Façade.*
22 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*
23 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton), *La Fête Etrange.*
28 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Veneziana.*

March
2 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
4 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Sibley, Usher)
6 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
8 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair). *Les Patineurs.*
10 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
11 **(M)** *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
16 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
17 *La Fête Etrange, The Invitation, Veneziana.*
18 **(M)** *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton). *Façade.*
20 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair).
21 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes).
22 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
23 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll.*
24 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
25 **(M)** *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, MacLeary).
25 **(E)** *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
27 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
28 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair).
29 *Les Deux Pigeons, Danses Concertantes.*
30 *Ondine* (Beriosova, MacLeary).

April
1 **(M)** *Les Deux Pigeons.*
1 **(E)** *Les Patineurs, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll.*
3 *Les Deux Pigeons, Danses Concertantes.*
4 *Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes).
5 *Danses Concertantes, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll.*
6 *Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes).
7 *Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone.*
8 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Page, Hynd).
8 **(E)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Linden, Doyle).
10 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, MacLeary).
11 *Ondine* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
12 *Giselle* (Nerina, Blair).
13 *Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone.*
14 *Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone.*
15 **(M)** *Giselle* (Page, Hynd).
15 **(E)** *Giselle* (Nerina, Blair).

BALLET RAMBERT

February
20 The de Montfort Hall, Leicester.
27 The Royal Theatre, Chester.

March
6 The Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.
13 The Grand Theatre, Hanley.
20 Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle.
27 The Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

February
25 Teatro La Fenice, Venice.

March
2 Teatro Massimo V. Bellini, Catania
29 The Casino, Monte Carlo.

April
5 Teatro G. Verdi, Trieste.
10 The Hippodrome, Brighton.
17 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton.
24 The Hippodrome, Bristol.
31 The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford.

May
1 The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford.
8 The Pavilion, Bournemouth.
15 The Coventry Theatre, Coventry.
27-31 Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

June
5-11 Teatro del Opera, Rome.
13, 14 Théâtre du Casino, Geneva.
15-17 Théâtre Beaulieu, Lausanne.

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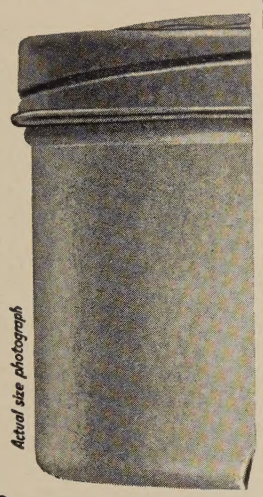

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